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NOVEMBER

The JOYFUL DISCOVERY OF ROCK
BY MIKE ZWEIRN



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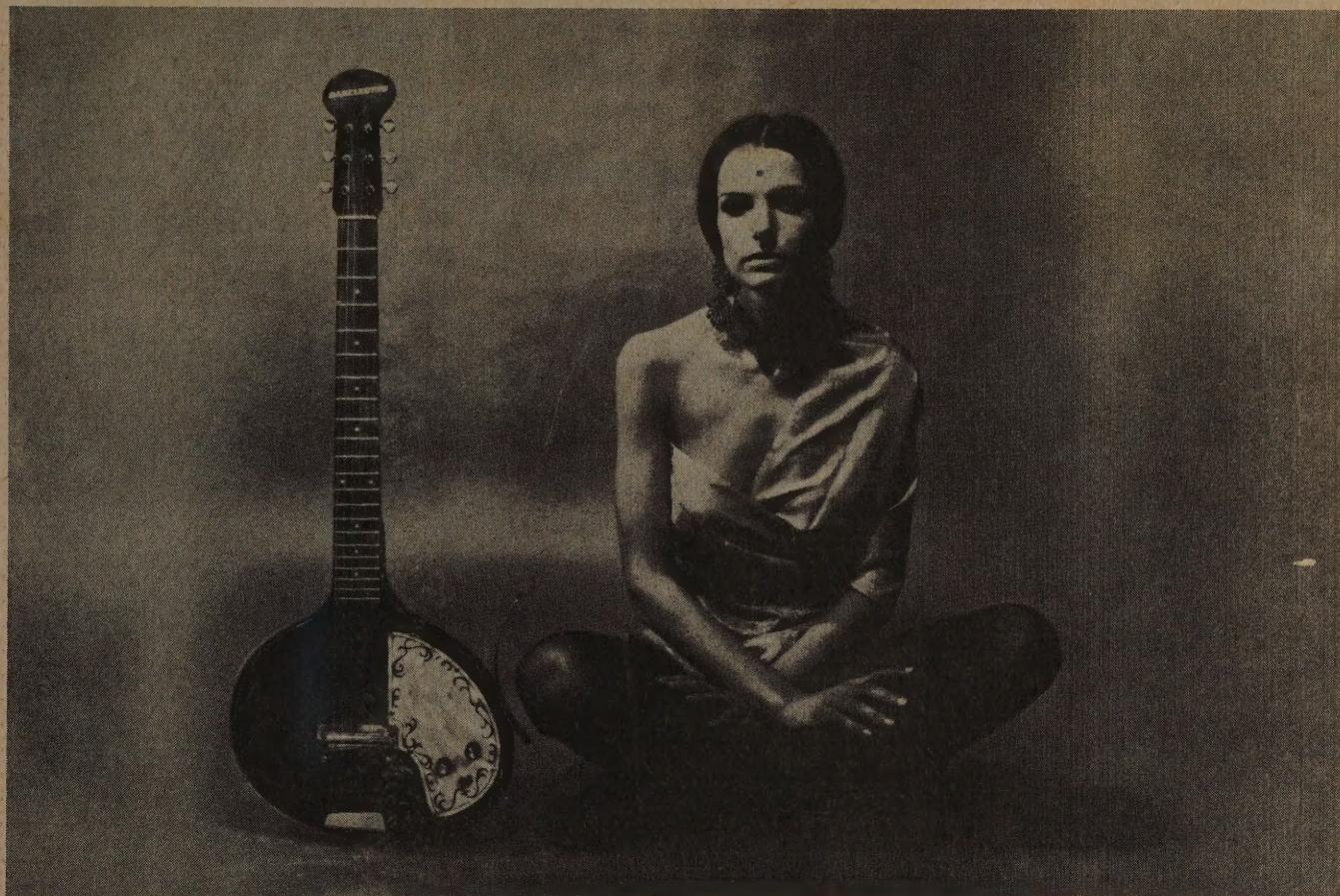
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12/JANIS JOPLIN Big Brother's Wicked Woman

14/B.B. KING His Undying Influence

18/THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND In Appreciation

22/THE BYRDS A Few Words From Nashville

24/STEPPENWOLF One By One

26/BILL HALEY Return Of The Comets

35/PICTURES I HEAR A Look At Some Current Songs

36/THE CREAM Ginger & Jack On The Rhythm Method

40/THE JOYFUL DISCOVERY OF ROCK Mike Zwerin Tells How It Happened

43/THE BEE GEES Have Fleas On Their Knees

46/GRANNY'S GOSSIP Some Yummy Secret Things

48/THE SHOPPING BAG Stuff For Musicians

51/THE EASYBEATS Like Hard Tempos

54/ELVIS MEETS TOM JONES And They Got Along Swell

56/ALAN PRICE Puts A Spell On You

58/MY FAVORITE RECORDS By Eric Clapton

59/TEMPO Willie Dixon Talks To Jim Deleant

60/PLATTER CHATTER Nice New Albums

63/NEW STARS ON THE HORIZON The Soft Machine

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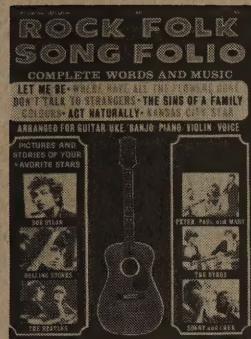
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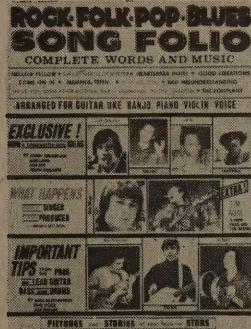
NO. 1

- How Did The ANIMALS Get Their Name?
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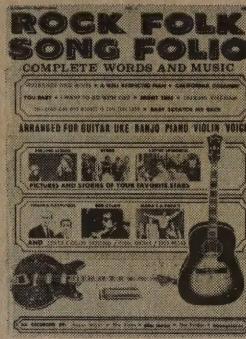
NO. 3

- MUDDY WATERS And The Chicago Beat
- JIMMY REED - The Big Boss Man
- THE BYRDS - A New Wave Of Awareness
- JUDY COLLINS - A Logical Evolution



NO. 5

- Tips From MIKE BLOOMFIELD, JOE BUTLER, PHIL VOLK
- TIM ROSE - New Face On The Scene
- How Songwriters Get Ideas - JOHN SEBASTIAN, JOE TEX, BOB LIND, JOHN PHILLIPS



NO. 2

- The MAMAS AND PAPAS Switched To Rock
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the scene



LOOKING BACK

True rock and roll came out of boogie woogie and western music. But the more virile boogie aspects overshadowed the relatively sweet western styles. The great standard rock artists and rock songs were actually boogie based. Fats Domino, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis were boogie pianists and their songs are the ones still played today. The great boogie piano on Chuck Berry's standards was as important as Chuck himself. Even Elvis Presley's early songs, which he learned from old blues recordings, fall into this

category, but minus the piano. Bill Haley and the Comets leaned more toward the Western swing bands along with a bland dose of boogie.

There was also a boogie woogie vocal group tradition that grew out of gospel groups and other groups like the Golden Gate Quartet, the Ink Spots, Mills Brothers, Billy Ward and the Dominoes popular in the 1930's and 40's. The late 40's gave rise to the Ravens and the Orioles who influenced the Clovers, Drifters, the Moonglows, the Flamingos. The lead singers combined gospel, blues and crooning, and the background harmony voices took the parts of horns and rhythm. Usually they only had guitar, piano, and drums accompanying them, but they often had a whole jump band with honking tenors and tinny electric blues guitar.

Producers began to have more to say when Leiber & Stoller took a West Coast group called the Robbins and literally molded them into the Coasters. This combination, along with the producer's instructions to the Atlantic Records technicians, began a very tasteful, witty experiment that proved successful and influential on other producers. Unfortunately, it opened the doors to many producers who had financial backing, but no talent. Unimaginative producers introduced so many dull groups and solo singers that rock suffered terribly. The material was so bad, in fact, that it had to be foisted on the public through payola. This inevitably destroyed the innocence and pure, primitive excitement that made rock and roll so attractive. □ Jim Deleant



Jerry Lee Lewis

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Dear Editor:

I am writing this letter to inform anyone who does not know, about a group that is called "Love." Love is a group from Los Angeles that rates as one of the most progressive groups in music today. With their first album they established themselves as one of the top rock groups in the world. This album also contained much social comment e.g. "Mushroom Cloud," "Signed D.C." and "Gazing." Also, this album contained one of the best ballads ever written "A Message To Pretty."

With their second album their sound changed completely. The group expanded to 7 members and their sound could only be described as a total sound with a very definite jazz influence. This album included the classic rock song "7 & 7 Is" as well as other solid rockers, the beautiful ballad "Orange Skies," and if you can believe it a song called "Revelation" which lasts almost 19 minutes and includes solos by each member of the group. This record ranges from jazz to R&B to eastern influence to solid rock.

Now the group consists of 5 and they have recorded a third album. This album contains 4 ballads, one of which is called "Andmoreagain" which has to be the most beautiful record ever recorded. The album contains many tough social comments on life e.g. the draft, persecution of the American Indian, and phony people. Throughout, the album shows the style and accomplishment of the group, slight Spanish influences, western, and just about everything that anyone could expect and many, many more things. The main reason why this album is such a standout is a song called "You Set The Scene" which is without a doubt in my mind the most advanced and best song ever recorded by any group to date. I don't know what is going to happen to Love but I think it is time for them to get some recognition.

In music generally I like any performer, that is worthwhile. Some of them are: Love, Lovin' Spoonful, Beatles, Yardbirds, Byrds, Donovan, Dylan, Hollies, Tim Hardin, Cyrkle, Nitty

Gritty Dirt Band, Left Banke, Janis Ian, Harper's Bizarre, Kinks, Association, Sandpipers, Simon & Garfunkel, Outsiders, Supremes, etc.

Keep up the good work at Hit Parader.

Lyle Settee
618 Chalmers Ave.
Winnipeg 5, Manitoba
Canada

Dear Editor:

My congratulations are out to Juan Rodriguez for his perceptive article, "The Rock Revolution-Kind Of A Drag," in the July issue of Hit Parader. Never have so many greats offered so little to so many. Taking their cue from Eric (Ego Trip) Burdon, no doubt, a whole new school of rock musicians has appeared - a group which might best be classed, if you'll excuse the term, "fop-rock."

That much of today's pretentious, overworked music passes as rock is disappointing, but the real danger is the road that rock seems to be following, a road that parallels the history of jazz. Like rock, jazz had its origin in music that was spontaneous, earthy, and vibrant with good-time feeling; but as jazz evolved it lost much of its widespread appeal and has become so introspective that its audience today is comprised mostly of other jazz musicians. Likewise, rock is being subverted at its roots. What the "fop-rock" school doesn't seem to realize is that, basically, rock is "heart" music, not "head" music, and that its primary appeal is from its footstompin' qualities and not from qualities arising from tenuous matings with raga or Bach.

It is interesting to note that something of a hard-rock revival is in progress in England at the present time. Since the fans have been deserted by contemporary rock music, they are turning back to the music of a decade ago. "Rock Around The Clock" by Bill Haley, "Peggy Sue" by Buddy Holly and tunes by Eddie Cochran are showing up on British charts and I don't think that nostalgia accounts for all of it.

anyone who has information on a number of smaller labels which

were significant in the early development of pop music, e.g. Sun, Ace, Excello, NRC, etc.

Timm Norgard
Anna Block Apt. 1
Brainerd, Minnesota

Dear Editor:

I am directing this letter to Judy Slandi of Philadelphia, Pa. She recently wrote a letter to you (May '68 HP) putting Frank Zappa and Mothers of Invention down. I don't think she is giving them a fair chance at all. I am sure that she hasn't heard "Only For The Money." If she would listen to this album, I am sure she would change her mind. The lyrics Zappa thinks of are "fantastic."

"All your children are poor unfortunate victims of lies you believe. A plague upon your ignorance and the truth they deserve" ... is a far cry from prunesville.

I realize that some of the things on their albums are not the type thing mother, father, and little sister want or should hear but it is the truth and the truth cannot be ignored.

In my opinion Zappa and the rest of those "funky degenerates" are some of the most talented musicians on the scene today. Speaking as a musician and someone who has seen this group perform in person, I must say I'll never be the same again.

So as for Judy Slandi I would like to ask her to listen with an open mind to the Mothers' new album and decide what she thinks, and not to judge them on outer appearance like so many plastic people do but, listen to what those funky degenerates say, I think she'll find that they say more than any other group on the scene today.

Also, I would like to compliment you on an excellent magazine. I get tired of walking up to a book counter and get nothing but "Monkees," and "Raiders" staring down my throat. Keep up the good work. I hope to see more articles on the Cream, Paul Butterfield's group, Elvin Bishop's new group and of course the Mothers.

Paul Harper
1410 Bryce Dr.
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Editor:

It is probably old hat to you by now, but let me commend you on producing the finest music periodical in the world. As I am presently serving overseas with the USAF, your magazine provides me with great coverage of the music scene at home.

I read with particular interest your article on John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers in the April issue. However, I think that you were supplied with the wrong picture of the group, insofar as their being the personnel named in the article. In the article, you name Aynsley Dunbar as the drummer, and although Aynsley did drum for Mayall, he is not in the group picture. The bearded gentleman in the picture is Hughie Flint, the drummer that Aynsley replaced, and the man who did the drumming on the superb "Mayall with Eric Clapton" LP. However, other than this one possible oversight, it was a great article.

Incidentally, for any blues fans who might be interested, Peter Green has left Mayall and formed his own blues band, Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac. It is a superb group and they have issued an LP in the U.K. which is a best seller in the LP charts there. Aynsley Dunbar has also left Mayall and formed his own group, The Aynsley Dunbar Retaliation. They have released a single, but to my knowledge, they haven't come out with an LP yet. Another blues band which is quite good in the U.K., is the Savoy Brown Blues Band. They have issued a single and a very good LP consisting of traditional blues numbers.

I also have an addition to make to your excellent article "British Beat Forum" in the May issue. I feel that in the Organist Section, some mention should have been made of Graham Bond, organist, mellotron player, saxophone player and leader of the Graham Bond Organization; with whom Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker of Cream played for several years. Graham's sound is a mixture of blues, R&B, and modern jazz. He is an extremely competent musician and while he has issued

(continued on page 64)

SIMON & FUNKEL

The Despair and Hope of Loneliness

*



The word blight or whatever it was which afflicted Bob Dylan for more than a year claimed another significant victim for a roughly concurrent 18 months: Paul Simon, the writing half of Simon and Garfunkel. Shortly after Dylan's re-emergence on records, Simon surfaced also, manifesting himself on the duet's fifth album, "Bookends" (Columbia KCS 9529). That year and a half had not been quite blank. Three singles -- "Hazy Shade of Winter," "At the Zoo" and "Making It" -- had dribbled out, each receiving respectable sales. But singles no longer

constitute the arena for demonstrations of greatness. Albums are the thing and Paul Simon's bid for album significance had been made in the fall of 1966 with "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme" (Columbia CS 9363). "Bookends" was started early in 1967 but Simon, who makes his living by being sensitive, suddenly became so sensitive that he was unable to write, a problem which was not resolved until this year.

One album was issued between the two major works, "The Graduate" (Columbia CS 3180), a collection of Simon



and Garfunkel (and other) tunes used in the movie of the same title. But Simon contributed only one new song, "Mrs. Robinson" (which was sliced into two small pieces for the soundtrack LP), ransacking his older work for the remainder of the score. He had intended to write several new tunes for the film, one of which was to be "Punky's Dilemma," but his literary difficulties forced a compromise (producer Mike Nichols apparently rejected "Punky's Dilemma").

The resulting album contains two versions of "Sounds of Silence" (a song already used on two previous S&G LPs), two versions of "Mrs. Robinson" (included in a better, longer form on "Bookends"), two versions of "Scarborough Fair/Canticle" (previously released on the "Parsley, Sage" album), "The Big Bright Green Pleasure Machine" (from the same LP) and "April Come She Will" (from "Sounds of Silence," Columbia CS 9269). The other tracks on the record are non-Simon tunes.

"Bookends," then, is the fourth album of original material in the duet's four-year recording career. It is not as strikingly fresh as was "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme." Part of the problem is that it contains four tracks which have been issued as single records: "Making It," "Mrs. Robinson," "Hazy Shade of Winter" and "At the Zoo." That leaves one new song on the second side, "Punky's Dilemma," which has been part of their concert repertoire for more than a year.

The first side has five new songs (one is split into two parts and one track consists of old people talking for a total of seven cuts, but only five songs) in a chronological progression, beginning with "Save the Life of My Child," a surrealistic view of an injured youth

surrounded by adult hostility. Next comes "America, a picture of a wide-eyed young couple beginning a journey. They are succeeded by a jaded middle-aged couple in "Overs." Next comes Art Garfunkel's tape of conversations with the elderly then a wistful song about aging and the aged, "Old Friends." Opening and ending the first side is "Bookends Theme," first as an instrumental then as a brief vocal, metaphoric bookends for glimpses of the ages of man.

The thematic unity of the first half of the LP works but the songs, as a collection, do not have the impact of the contents of "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme." "Save the Life of My Child" and "America" both represent a progression in Simon's writing and both rank among his best songs but their contiguous companions are not nearly as exciting.

Part of the problem is in the production of that first side. In keeping with the theme of progressing age, Simon has tailored the arrangements through a hard rock fuzz bass sound to a gently electric effect to an unaccompanied acoustic guitar doing subtle jazz things to a guitar with soft strings. Violence ripens into languor and languor, while maintaining the effect Simon seeks, drains vitality from the tunes. The lyrics seem more serious and sentimental and flaccid than they should because the music is no longer strong enough to inject some saving irony into the pathos. The last couple of numbers have the linear emotional content of Paul Simon's earliest writing.

The other side, with its dream image tailor, its Kellogg's cornflake, its missing Joe DiMaggio, its hazy shade of winter and its skeptical orangutan is much better. All of the songs are strong examples of Paul Simon's late writing



(with the exception of "Hazy Shade of Winter," which would fit more comfortably on any of the earlier albums.)

Perhaps this is all hypercritical, because "Bookends" is a good album. Parts of it, however, are disappointing 18 months after "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme."

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, both 26, two New Yorkers who have known each other and sung together since they were children, recorded their first album, "Wednesday Morning, 3 a.m." (Columbia CS 9049), in the summer of 1964. It contained six standard folk songs, the kind you might expect to see on a Kingston Trio LP, including Bob Dylan's "The Times They Are a-Changin'." In addition to the expectable numbers, however, there were five songs by Simon and one adaptation of the Benedictus. Some of the writing was simplistic and derivative ("He Was My Brother") but most of it showed familiarity with and mastery of the techniques of poetry, knowledge particularly evident in "The Sounds of Silence." Their voices were nice, blending into delicate harmonies of sometimes formidable complexity, as in "Benedictus."

Nothing much happened with the album, which had the misfortune to be born during the waning days of the folk boom. A disc jockey who received the LP, however, got hooked on "The Sounds of Silence" and called Columbia to urge them to release it as a single. After some deliberation, the record company took the master, re-recorded it with drums, electric guitar and bass, remixed the vocal and issued it as a single nearly a year after the album had been made. Simon was traveling through Europe and Garfunkel was studying math at Columbia, neither very hopeful of a singing career.

The Top 10 record changed things, shoving them unexpectedly into the roles of pop stars. "We were really confused, though musically we were better prepared than most performers," Paul recalled later. "I only wanted to be left alone and not perform. I always felt awkward going on stage." They did a concert tour appearing, Simon tells his current audiences, with Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs. It is probably a distortion of fact, but not of feeling. They wanted to be folk singers but they were accepted by the rock and roll crowd.

"My image of myself was not that of a teen star," continued Paul. "I felt very awkward if people screamed since I was writing songs not geared to the 14-year-old mind. But they were accepted by the 14-year-olds. Then I learned the rules of the game. A year later I was pretty happy. After three Top 5 hits in a row, I felt secure for the first time."

After "Sounds of Silence" had sold more than one million copies, Columbia rushed out an album with the rhythmically reinforced version of the song, titling the LP after the unexpected hit. This record mixed electric and acoustic backings for 11 numbers, nine of which were new Paul Simon compositions. The other two numbers were "Sounds of Silence" and "Angie," a pretty guitar solo written by Bert Jansch.

The two most moving songs on the first LP had been "Bleeker Street" and "Sounds of Silence," both of which dealt with alienation and failure to communicate in vivid imagery. The themes were developed further in the second album with "Blessed," "Richard Cory," "A Most Peculiar Man" and, particularly, "I Am A Rock," their third single, a follow-up to "Home-ward Bound," which had shifted the perspective of loneliness from despair

(continued on page 52)



JANIS JOPLIN

Big Brother's Wicked Woman

Janis the jewel, the temptress; Janis the voice, the beauty; Janis the two-faced, the two voiced, she screams: AYYEH---YEAH!

In harmony with herself. I asked my friend who sings and she told me, yes, you can sing two notes at once in

harmony with yourself; it has something to do with vocal cords, control--and speed.

AWWWWW---YAYAH!

Janis split the room, split her soul and for a moment she was naked, we were all naked. The lights went crazy, they

didn't know what to do; and the men went crazy, they didn't know what to do and the girls watched, electrified. We were all of us stunned, stoned, numb from feeling everything at once. Through the applause a woman shouts wildly "more, wow, more!" And its her press



agent.

Janis has whipped the audience to a helpless frenzy and now she sips her Southern Comfort, smacks her lips and lets a wicked smile slip across her face. The face of Janis, pocked and weathered, certainly not anywhere near beautiful, has the mark of a storm in her soul, and lights and men who just didn't know what to do with her.

Janis addresses the mike, with cruel, deliberate passion:
AYYEH---YEAH!

It's an energy drag, the sound system can't even utter a feeble feedback moan -- it doesn't dare. She moves and shakes, she scowls and trumpets the song into the crowd, building and staying there, no lull, no rest, all music, hardly any Big Brother and the Holding Company, just Janis, all Janis. And its almost too much.

Earlier I saw her at dinner, with the boys in the band and her manager. She was rubbing Albert Grossman's neck and he melted like a great Saint Bernard, his long white hair almost falling in the soup. She is affected, arrogant, earthy and regal. She's been written up as the undisputed queen of pop and she knows it. You get the feeling she could be tough if she wanted to, but in her own way she is a psychedelic (the word, long out of currency, still applies to her) Sister of Mercy, as Leonard Cohen would have loved it. And later in the club, she does it, she tears you apart in a white hot rage and strips the whole place bare with her voice. Janis the two-faced, the two-voiced, the banshee—Janis Joplin is the loudest most loving noise you'll ever live to hear.

I was sitting next to Sydney; small, wistful, soft Sydney; who isn't especially

into music, you see, he was just there. And after the set was over he took his ring off his finger, it was a pewter ring that he really liked, and he ran backstage before anyone could stop him and he gave it to Janis -- just before the encore.

And Janis came back on stage — our hands hurt from clapping, our throats hurt from yelling bravo and we were all on our feet without remembering when or how we stood up. Janis squared her shoulders, clenched her face, clenched her body and clenched her voice.
AYYEH---YEAH ALLRIGHT!

We fell back gasping. Janis is pure energy up there, she slams into your mind like a jackhammer, slams into your body like an aphrodisiac. She puts the whole room in the same place ---- and together.

Sing it again, Janis. □ ellen sander



The Influence of B.B. KING



Hiya, blues fans and all you other people! Last month we went to Chicago in spirit to tell the story of Muddy Waters, Little Walter and the original electric blues band style. This blues scene was closely restricted to Chicago, as far as the live action was concerned. And the people who bought the records were mainly natives, transplanted and otherwise, of the lower Mississippi Valley, from whence came the singers and musicians. This month's brand of blues also springs ultimately from that musically fertile place, where the Blues Boy, Riley B. King, was born a few years after Muddy's entrance.

You could make a case for B.B. King's style having been born in Memphis, where he got his start. But we soon find that we can't really talk about B.B.'s blues, and the other great music that it has inspired, as a Memphis scene. This is the whole nation's blues we're talking about now. Muddy's music remember, grew out of a strongly-localized blues tradition, and inherited its limitations as well as its strengths. Mississippi people loved it to death, but millions of blacks around the country never could quite get into it. B.B. King never really had any of these limitations, because the blues style he developed was really a brand new bag. And yet it's about 101% authentic.

Rather than relying on any pre-established blues style, B.B. created a whole new style which drew on the totality of all blues that had gone before, plus elements of many other kinds of music, from gospel to jazz. Others had tried the same thing, and are still trying it now. But it was the unique genius of this man B.B. that made him emerge, after a scant three years on records, as the living symbol of the blues for practically anyone who ever cared about blues.

B.B. King is really the first and greatest blues man of the modern age of communications. Though his music is soul music in the best sense, it was influenced in many subtle ways by records that he

heard. Not just blues records, but records of every conceivable kind of guitar playing. He was considerably influenced, for example, by records made in France by the legendary gypsy jazz guitarist, Django Reinhardt. Then again, it is modern communications that have made B.B. a byword in every ghetto in the country. The incredible rapport he has with live audiences is based to a great extent on those people's familiarity with his records. It was the records that made his a bigger star than any previous blues singer had ever been, and did it faster than had even been known in this traditional kind of music.

Records were B.B.'s profession even before singing was; he earned his first fame and his nickname "Blues Boy" as a disc jockey in Memphis. He was still spinning other people's records when he made his own disc debut. This was on the Bullet label, which has the distinction of being the first record company ever to headquartered in Nashville. (It was known mainly for country music, of course). This company was nearing the end of the line, and B.B.'s sales didn't exactly help the situation. But when Modern Records, a big West Coast R&B label at the time, set up the subsidiary RPM label, they went straight to Memphis. Howlin' Wolf was among the local talent they captured there, and so was B.B. King. The Blues Boy's sales, unspectacular at first, gained slowly. Then, in 1952, they got their goldmine. RPM #339, "3 O'Clock Blues," was ordinary stuff on the surface, a slow blues about a guy who can't sleep for worryin' about where his baby is. But it was on this record that all the elements of B.B.'s style really came together. People couldn't get enough of this new sound to suit them; the record was on Billboard's R&B charts for five months. But what is even more amazing is that the people have stuck right with that sound ever since, and never tired of it. "3 O'Clock Blues" is going on seventeen years old now, and still sounds fresh as ever today. (The original disc has been reissued



many times, most recently on a Kent LP). Moreover, B.B.'s new records continue to put out the very same kind of blues. Today the back-up bands are sharper, the recordings are better, and (on his live albums anyway) B.B. stretches out a bit more, but like the Volkswagen company he has refused to tamper too much with success. Now and then he has tried other things (like pop ballads with choruses and orchestras) but he never strays from that old "3 O'Clock" sound for very long.

So it's about time we went into a little more detail about what that sound is, and where its various elements seem to have come from.

On "3 O'Clock Blues" you hear B.B. singing with his guitar, and a backup band consisting of two saxes, piano and drums. The backup band is the most conventional part of the sound (this remains true to

day). The horns-piano-drums combination had been used in blues since Big Bill (Broonzy) and the Memphis Five ruled in the 1930's. Some of the Harlem blues singers of the 1940's had regular big bands behind them, but in the South a simpler instrumentation had always prevailed. B.B.'s band on "3 O'Clock" is in every way a typical band of the period. The horns stick to close harmony parts, droning away through the record in what seems to us today a rather listless fashion. The drums just keep time. The piano seems to be divided between the old style in which the left hand carries the rhythm and the bassline, and the newer band piano style in which the right hand predominates, playing fill-ins and such ornaments.

But the crucial thing here is that all this happens off in the background, and what is up front is B.B.'s

guitar. And this guitar is in every sense a lead guitar. Just as happened with Muddy Waters, the presence of a band relieved B.B. of the necessity to play both bass and melody parts at the same time, a necessity that had shaped the whole world of country blues guitar.

B.B. wasn't the first to play blues lead guitar. In the late 1920's Scrapper Blackwell, accompanying the blues pianist-singer Leroy Carr, helped create a sound that was as revolutionary, and almost as successful, in its day as B.B.'s was in the 1950's. Many other artists tried the same guitar-piano combination. But the acoustic guitar was hard pressed to be heard above the heavy piano styles of that era. Only when the guitarists played the simplest possible lines were they able to make any real contribution to the sound. Saxophones were much better equipped to make lead lines heard.

But the coming of the electric guitar changed all that. Not as fast as one might think, because a whole generation had grown up with the saxophone for a lead instrument. Memphis Minnie, and later Lightin' Hopkins, John Lee Hooker and of course Muddy Waters, adapted traditional country acoustic guitar styles to the electric box with success. But for the antecedents of B.B.'s sound we look to the urban blues, and especially to T-Bone Walker, a very popular performer in the 1940's. Walker came out of the big-band scene, like Jimmy Rushing, but he made his electric guitar a prominent part of his recorded sound. And on this guitar he played not country blues, but lines strongly influenced by jazz guitarists like Charlie Christian.

Walker gets off some excellent solos on those records from the 1940's (there's an LP of them on Capitol) and does some fine singing; his "Stormy Monday" is an alltimer. But to modern ears that big-band accompaniment seems much too busy; horns keep popping in and distracting us from what's really going on. With B.B., the band parts are much, much simpler, and they

are kept way off in the background. Whether this is due to design, or whether it is just because B.B. had no big band available, we can't quite be sure. But what we are sure of is that it concentrates all our attention on the central instrumental sound of the guitar.

B.B.'s guitar style itself is a big step beyond T-Bone Walker's or any other blues guitar that was around in 1952. Jazz, of course, influenced B.B. enormously. His technique is just like that of a jazz guitarist, built on fast single-note runs, which move melodically like a horn does. Moreover, it is very free rhythmically. Except in fast shuffle numbers, B.B. almost never plays in any kind of even rhythmic pattern. This distinguishes him from all country blues guitarists, and all the white guitar-boogie men whose style formed the basis of early rock guitar.

Yet, with all this, B.B.'s guitar doesn't come out jazz at all. It comes out blues. The main reason for this is in the notes that he chooses, which always stick close to the blues scale with its flattened thirds and sevenths. Essentially they're the same notes that he sings, though in different patterns. And the free rhythms, unconventional as they may be for blues guitar, fit in perfectly. Bernard Pearl, a Los Angeles guitar teacher who has studied B.B.'s style intensively, points out that his guitar rhythms are very close to the rhythms of speech. B.B. once made an instrumental called "Talkin' the Blues," and his "talkin'" could hardly be more profound if he had used his voice.

His voice. In many ways that's the greatest thing of all about B.B.'s music. His first few records (before "3 O'Clock") didn't have any guitar at all, and he still frequently makes them that way. Coming into an era when blues voices were either rough and primitive or soft and genteel, with very little middle ground, B.B.'s singing style was at least as revolutionary as his guitar. Though very strong and powerful, his voice has none of the rough-hewn attack of

such traditional blues singers as Howlin' Wolf and Elmore James, his contemporaries on the Memphis scene. B.B.'s tone and phrasing are actually much closer to gospel music than to any other blues that was around in 1952. This means an open-throated technique, rather than the "gravel voice" favored by the older bluesmen. Thus the higher notes ring out as loud and clear as an opera singer's. Gospel style also involves considerable use of melisma, which means singing quite a few notes, without a break, to one syllable. At slow tempos, B.B. does this quite a bit.

But it would be a grave mistake to say that his whole style in gospel music was a much softer, swingier kind of sound. It's quite possible that B.B., along with such great gospel singers as Sam Cooke and Archie Brownlee, helped make gospel what it is today.

So that's as close as my mere words can come to describe this man's music. You can probably hear it best, if not in person, on "Live At The Regal" (ABC-Paramount). If you explore some of his innumerable other LP's, you will find much music that lives up to what we have been saying, and some that maybe doesn't. Some of his early recordings appear to have been hurriedly done for the 88¢ lines maintained by his former record label, RPM (later Kent); and he has made a number of ballads in the vein of recent Ray Charles. But he always comes back to the blues.

And as far as the 1968 style of blues is concerned, a lot of it goes back to B.B. Bobby "Blue" Bland and "Little" Junior Parker, to use their earlier stage names, were two of the first singers to move into the area B.B. had pioneered. Though neither is as much into instrumental music as B.B. is with his guitar, both sing in the same sort of gospel-blues blend. More recently, several fine younger bluesmen followed his footsteps both vocally and instrumentally; outstanding here are Buddy Guy, Otis Rush and Freddy King. It is interesting

that all these musicians have kept their sound rougher and louder than much of B.B.'s work; there are no sentimental ballads, and less prettiness in general. You could simply say that they are more traditional than B.B., which is undoubtedly the case. But it's also noteworthy that in passing up the more refined, eclectic aspects of B.B.'s style, they are making the same choices that B.B. himself did in 1952, when he chose not to emulate the big-band aspects of T-Bone Walker's bag.

Bland and Parker, as well as B.B., are righteously celebrated in Charles Keil's *Urban Blues*, a work which chooses only a small slice of the blues world to work with, but covers it so objectively and straightforwardly that it emerges as the best book on blues, period. But the most celebrated black urban bluesman of today doesn't figure much in that book. Three years ago, Albert King was strictly minor league, working most obscurely in St. Louis. Now that Stax-Volt has made him famous, he emerges as the archetype of modern B.B. followers. His whole vocal-guitar bag is full of what are probably inevitable borrowings from B.B.; these borrowings are as natural as modern rock's reuse of Beatle ideas, or Bluegrass' reuse of Bill Monroe's. But he has taken the idiom in a certain direction, with the result that he has reached thousands of young white blues fans much more powerfully than B.B. ever did. These are young people who tend to grow impatient with B.B.'s forays into non-blues, and subconsciously or otherwise reject the survivals of their parents' music that crop up now and then in his backup bands.

B.B., with a huge bag of tricks, will conserve his best blues licks, separating them with music of lower intensity. Albert, much more limited, is on all the time, packing heavy, heavy stuff into each tune. Though less subtle than B.B., he gives young audiences quite a bit more of what they really want to hear. And on recordings he has the peerless support of the Stax-Volt house band, a far heavier sound

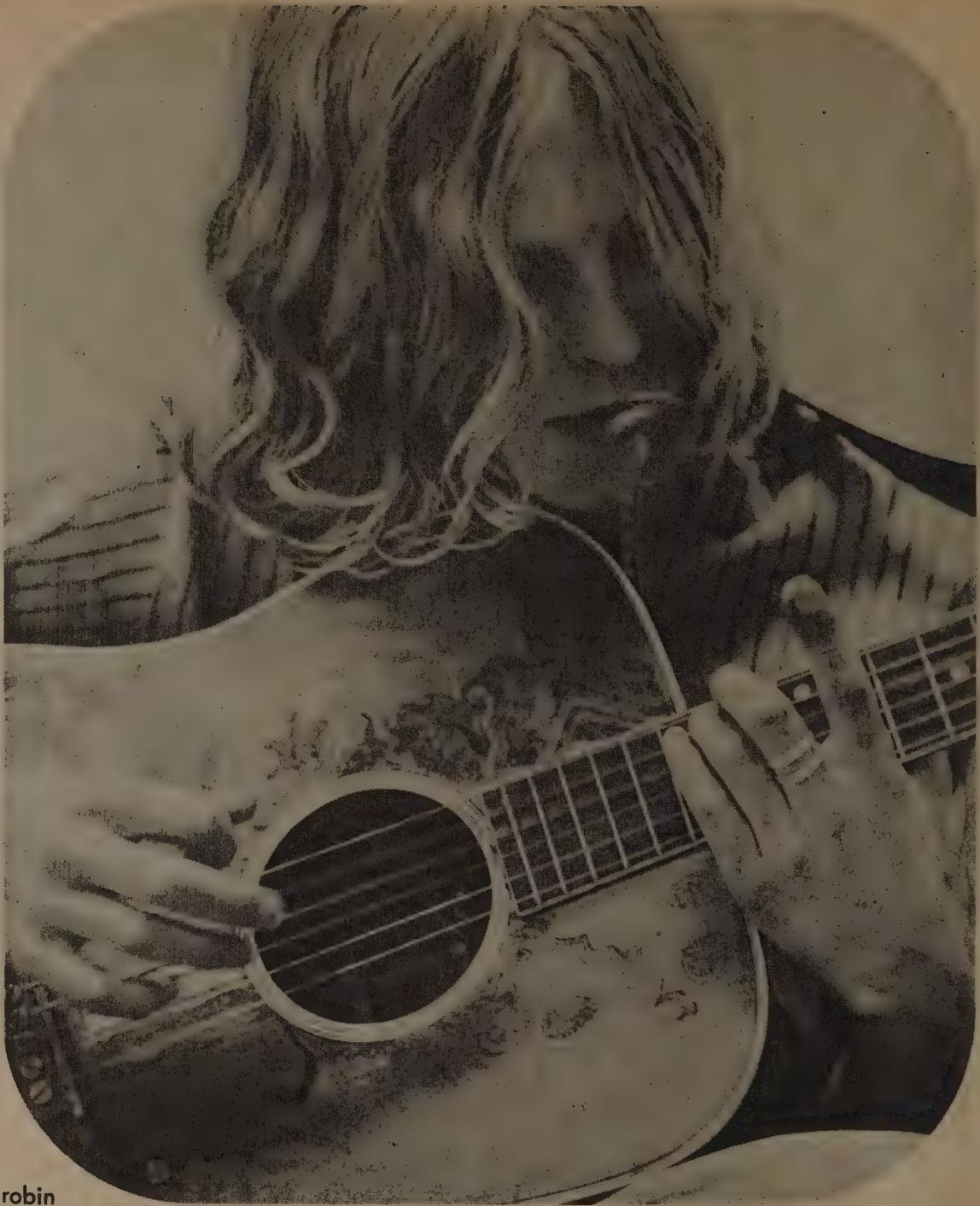
than anything B.B. has ever used.

Our final point of history also concerns young whites, the musicians this time. The white blues band movement, in the U.S.A. and in England as well, started out with the Muddy Waters sound as a model. This was the case even though black musicians, and the black public, has already swung solidly over to the B.B. sound. The reasons for this are interesting. The outstanding white musicians were linked with the folk revival and/or the rock music of 1964, both of which were much closer in instrumentation and to Muddy's music than to B.B.'s. Muddy's vocal style proved easier for whites to imitate. And of course the old-time Mississippi roots of Muddy's style were attractive. The original Butterfield band was itself a part of the latterday Chicago scene; Canned Heat and the English groups learned from records but achieved hardly less satisfying results. But more recently the B.B. sound has made converts out of nearly all of them. Horn sections have been added, harmonicas and bottleneck guitars have been de-emphasized, and vocals emphasized. Notice that when Mike Bloomfield left Butterfield to form his own band, both men moved in these directions. Canned Heat has stuck closer to the Chicago-Delta bag, but frequently gets into the streamlined straight-time formula Albert King favors. And with Albert as the magnet, great hordes of young white kids are learning the licks he plays on his lovable Lucy, licks which are often intensified, concentrated remakes of the licks B.B. created long ago on his original *Lucille*.

With a little help from his friends, that man B.B. has done more than any other man to keep the blues alive and healthy today. Aside from his influence, direct and indirect, on the white audience that suddenly is the music's main financial support, B.B. has proven to be the one charismatic figure, the living legend that was needed to keep the black blues audience hangin' on. May he go on forever! □ barret hansen

In Appreciation of

robin



THE INCREDIBLE

They came from England last Summer to do the Newport Folk Festival. We'd never seen anything quite like it and we thought it was quaint, fun, exciting, unusual and our very own 'discovery' (aren't those Newport folks groovy; where did they find those two?) What we found, was that Mike Heron and Robin Williamson were only the veterans of two albums which had been at the top of English charts for some time, that all of hip merry olde Great Britain had been praising these singers for many a season

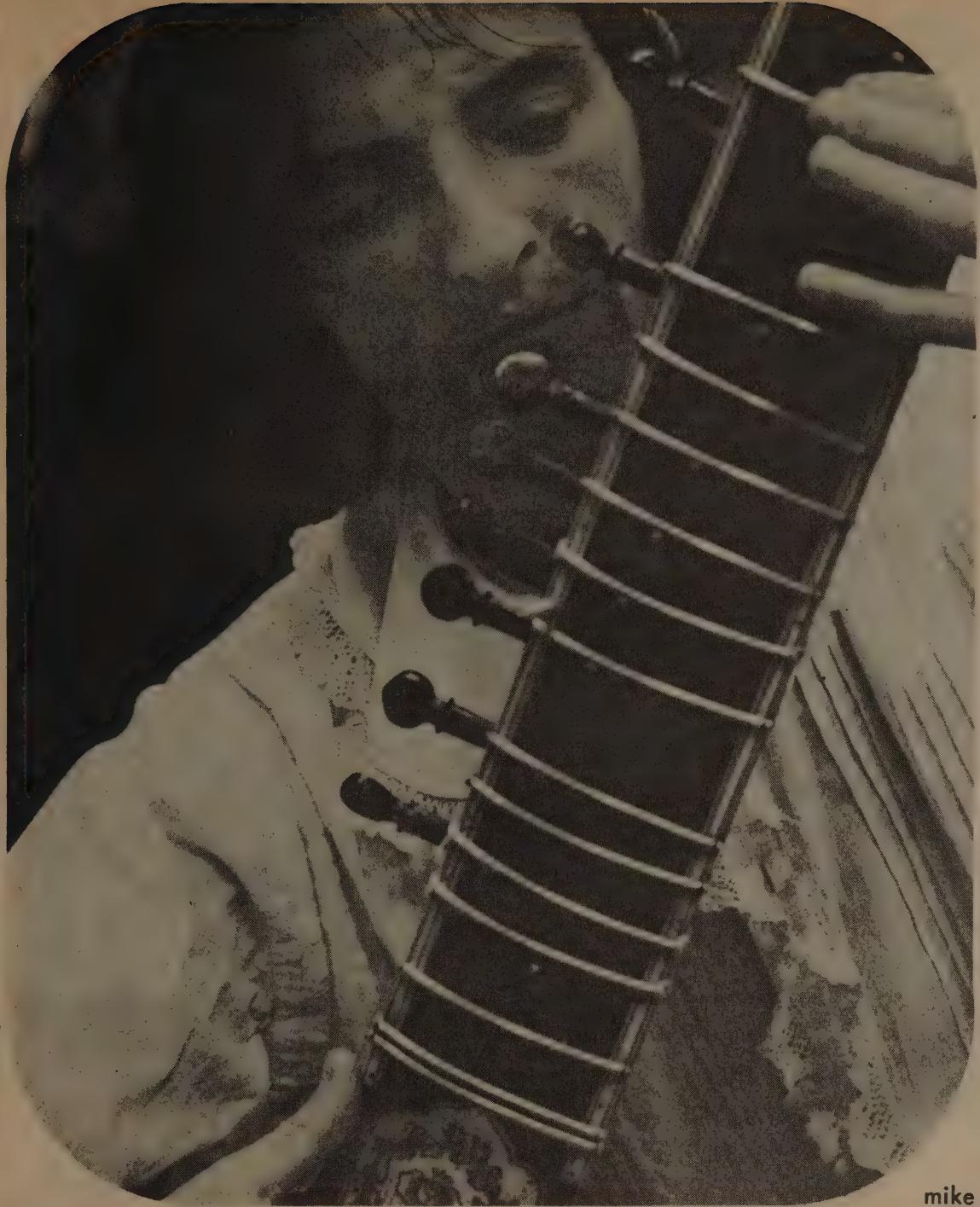
and that we the crossbred Newport hipsters (the rock critics got it from both sides at Newport last year) had only begun to appreciate the Incredible String Band.

The rave reviews were hardly off the press and the ISB split. They came again from England this Spring to do concerts, college tours in the East, the Fillmore in San Francisco and Los Angeles folk houses.. By now they are gentle heroes.

They look like street gurus in robes and sun colored bell bottomed Nehru outfits and sit in the midst of an astonishing

array of instruments. Among them are an oud, flute, pennywhistle, bowed gimbri, mandolin, violin, sitar, banjo, tambura, organ, finger cymbals, harp, dulcimer, several homemade contraptions (as I spoke to them, Robin was inserting a wooden coffee stirrer between the strings of the zither to get a new sound out of it) bells of every description — and a bucket of water.

They've been to Morocco and Afghanistan and they've listened to every sound along the way. You can hear



mike

STRING BAND •••

Eastern and Middle Eastern, bluegrass, jug band, skiffle and semitic tones in their music as well as their home-grown Scottish and English background. But no one sound, no one instrument is dominant; the music is an organic whole and you can tell they hear just as much in a noisy street at noontime as in a concert hall; its all in their music and lifestyle. They belong, somehow, to the strange assortment and unlikely combinations of instruments they play.

The performance is intriguing. Some-

where in the midst of the songs they include a playlet in which Robin is Noah, Mike the dove and an abstractly orchestrated accompaniment is played by some 20-odd members of the audience on bells, whistles and rhythm instruments. At another break Robin recites a poem, "The Head," behind a banner on which a head is appliqued. He made the banner himself, of course. They are precise, delicate, spontaneous and amazingly versatile --- their bag of tricks includes everything imaginable and they never

fail to surprise. They are truly unique. Throughout all their musical whimsy and capers, they will put down one instrument and pick up several others, make a seemingly impromptu choice of one and continue --- completely poker-faced. The contrast just increases the subtle undercurrent of hilarity they project. Meticulously arranged and overdubbed, their albums contain all this and Licorice too. Licorice is Robin's lady and sings a subtle, weird harmony behind them. Licorice is another instrument, a penny-



whistle and a sitar is one instrument, a bucket of water or a spoon is an instrument too. The Incredible String Band understands and performs the very basic nature of music itself with this concept.

Their songs are several stories in themselves. They are songs of love, nature, religion, sometimes they are not about anything at all, just collages of images and feelings, literature and lore. Songs in which everything is sacred and nothing is profane. The tunes come from all over the world without regard to distance or differences, but immediate, right there in the room with you, real, right there in your head. Robin will be playing the guitar, the front of which has drawings all over it, symbols from all manner of design in a mandella-like pattern, the center of which contains a green menorah. Mike is on some strange pastoral flute. The English countryside mater-

ializes from Robin's creaky Scottish balladeer voice and when you close your eyes an old turkish begger wanders across the moor — Mike has begun to play the gimbri.

The lyrics are some of the most enchanting poetry I have read. From their second album, *The 5000 Spirits or The Layers of the Onion*, side one, cut one, the sun rises with Chinese white

* The bent twig of darkness
Grows the petals of the morning
It shows to them the birds singing/
just behind the dawning
Come dip into the cloud cream lapping;
I can't keep my hand on the plough
because its dying.

The instrumental on the *Mad Hatter's Song* is a honkey-tonk speakeasy bluesy piano, then, lo, a sitar(!) sings some ancient mythology, astrology and old-

time religion:

* Prometheus the problem child juggling/with his brains
Gives his limping leopard's visions/
to the miser in his veins
With the ruined factory is the normal
soul insane
And he sets the sky beneath his heel
And learns away the pain.
But I am the archer, the lover of
laughter
And mine is the arrowed flight
I am the archer and my eyes yearn
after/ the unsullied sight
Born of the dark waters of the daughters of night
Dancing without movement after the
clear light
O Perithian fate be kind in the rumbling
and/tumbling rickshaw of time
Hooked by the hert to the kingfishers
lines



I will set my one eye for the shores
of the blind.
Pretty? Wait until you hear it.

And lest you become overimpressed with their intellectual acrobatics, note that from, of all places, Winnie the Pooh, comes the opening lines of their *Little Cloud*. And its delightful, you can't help but think how easily that might have become an unbearable syrupy bit of cutesy, but the Incredible String Band makes it work and work well.

They had an inexplicable pop reputation in England. Without the benefit of a hit single in the singles dominated UK market (even Dylan and Donovan needed that) their third album "The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter" was, at the time of its American release in May, #1 on British charts. It baffled the Eng-

lish trade press (which in all fairness is about as out of touch with what fine music is made of as the American trade press) though the fan papers, traditionally and understandably closer to the pulse of the market, had been plying them with superlatives all along. It is kind of strange, really. They are so artsy craftsy and timeless but very much what needs to be heard today, they round out the rough edges on a music scene which has momentarily lost direction, they supply a vital cohesive link.

The Hangman's Beautiful Daughter is a worthy successor to their first two albums; its more of the same, yes, but somehow you can never get enough of them once you got into them -- and I'll have to admit it takes meeting them halfway. But its more than worth it (like the times you marvel at how every

piece is important, no dummy, no filler, no Goo Goo Goo Joob or anything of that ilk -- and then they break out: "Yat tat tat taw wow; Ory ory ory -- and it fits, its right, it belongs -- to them, their music and your mood.) You try to give it a name, to identify it, and its impossible -- the closest I could come is to say that they are an indescribably good time.

On meeting and chatting with them, what strikes you first is how utterly oblivious they are. Oblivious to what is purportedly 'happening' in contemporary music, in the room, oblivious to the fact that they are indeed magicians in a concert hall, that they are pleasant men, soft spoken and unassuming oblivious to the fact that their current album is at the top of the English charts ("we don't even think about it."), oblivious to half an audience walking out on them at one New York State college ("its the people who stayed that are important."

You ask them about their music and they simply say "we like it, we do what we feel like," and its that feel they have for everything they do that gives it such easy delightful momentum, such fascinating appeal. In England, they tell you, they are often accompanied by two girls dancing. And they are going to do another film soon, a film of their music and their fantasies and you wish it were done already, wish you could see it and then you realize that perhaps you are seeing it, just by getting to know them a little. You note the references in the songs, ask them what they are reading, where are they drawing from, since so many of the songs have an unstructured religious feeling about them you ask Mike if he's a religious man. He smiles, looks heavenward and stammers "I'm waiting for an angel to come down and answer for me."

And there's nothing they say, specifically, that you want to transcribe word for word, they are just like their music, a bit strange, careful, complicated, precise, and -- there is really no other way to say it -- nice, very, very nice.

With the eclecticism and deritive music that has been the backbone and keynote of the rock revolution (new music, contemporary art -- what have you) I knew that the time of a true and utter confluence of form, musical style and singing affectation was at hand. But I certainly expected it to come thundering out of an amplifier about to blow, pouring out of half dozen second generation acid rockers with more energy than a room could contain. And here it is, in two musician minstrels on acoustic instruments, one of whom walks barefoot onto the stage and has recently shaved his beard off -- certainly an incredible string band. □ ellen sander.

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THE BYRDS

In Nashville



"Our primary goal in singing is to develop ourselves musically." Gram Parsons shifted in his chair, took a swig of milk and munched on the remains of a five hour-old hamburger. "This includes exposing ourselves to every possible type of music - pop, rock, classical and country."

Gram Parsons, Kevin Kelley, Chris Hillman and Roger McGuinn are four members of the Byrds. They are musicians. They are singers, not merely vocalists, but singers. For them music is real - an honest expression of their feelings.

Usually when we think of Country Music we think of Chet Atkins, Hank Snow, Faron Young or Marty Robbins. Now the Byrds are putting their name on the country roster by cutting their first Country Music album in Nashville. Why a country album for such a successful rock group? And why Nashville?

"Actually the group has a strong folk background," Kevin said. "We found rock music a good comfortable place for us, but don't forget, our total goal is

good music. Country Music is another facet of music - probably the biggest and most honest we have today." To prove their point, the Byrds performed on the famous Grand Ole Opry during their Nashville stay and easily won the hearts of solid country fans.

In Nashville, with its country musicians and engineers, they can produce that honest Country Music sound. "In Nashville we can forget the business end of the trade and concentrate on our music," Roger said.

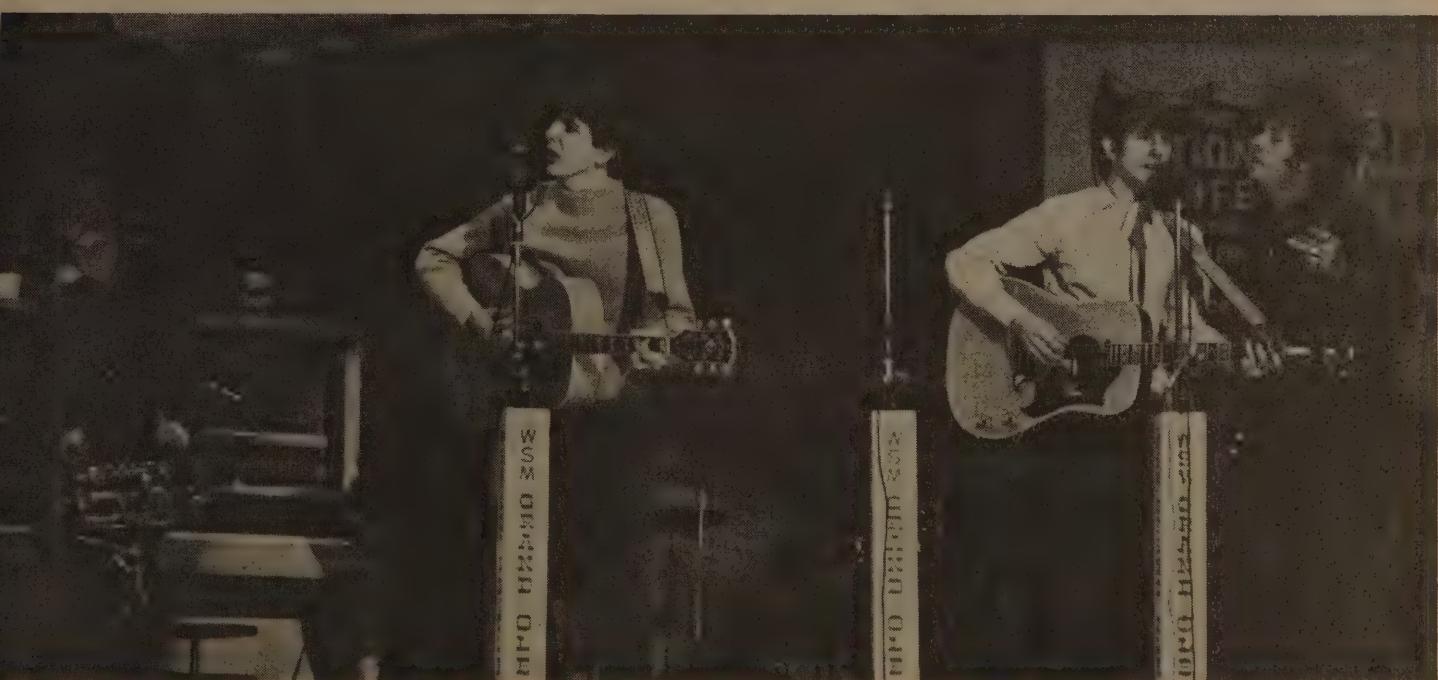
In any group each individual must have identity. He must have a personal feel and interpretation of every song he plays. The hardest job a group must do is to take all these different interpretations and put them together into a total group feeling.

"We don't try to be commercial," Kevin said. "We just try to make good music by having everything happen together. Like having the vibrations from each individual finally end up in parallel lines. That's when we get good music."

"I'm terribly disillusioned," Chris said. "You walk down the street and on every corner you see a rock group. But they're not really musicians. They think just because they have long hair and wear an Indian morning coat that they're saying something, that they're making the scene."

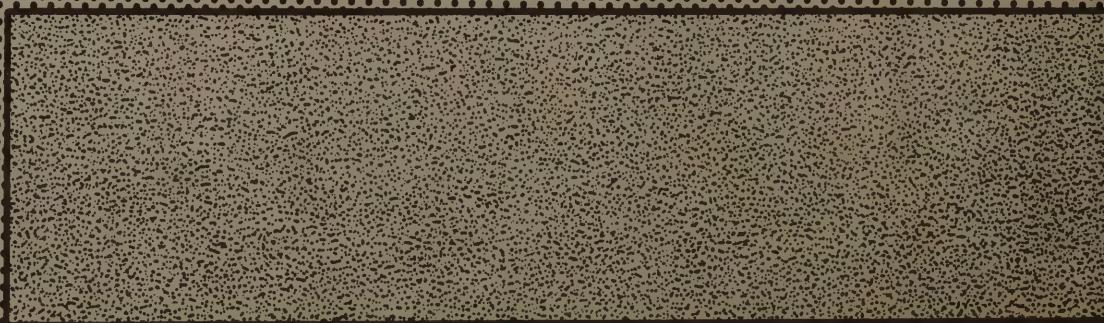
"That's right," Gram said. "To be really honest about wearing an Indian morning coat, you must be an Indian in the morning. It's part of the whole scene. These people don't wear honest clothes and they don't produce honest music. They have absolutely no soul or integrity in their music. What we want to do is to produce honest music."

Once on the Johnny Carson TONIGHT SHOW they had to change guitars between songs. The guitars were out of tune so they tuned them right on stage. The crowd became anxious from the wait and the engineers encouraged them to hurry. Roger stepped up to his mike and simply said "We tune because we care." □ t. wylim grein



STEPPENWOLF

Is An Idea



Back in the long cold winter of 1967, the singers, musicians, agents, press agents, managers, reporters and disc jockeys who make up the musical world in Los Angeles were all asking themselves the same question.

"Who's going to happen now? What's the next / new thing going to be?"

They didn't have to wait long for an answer.

In January, a new group called Steppenwolf recorded an album in a week doing eleven vocal tracks in one day. The album was released on Dunhill, a subsidiary of ABC-Paramount and sold an incredible 25,000 copies in its first two weeks of release.

It was just that simple.

Or just that complex, because Steppenwolf is not a group. To quote leader John Kay, "Steppenwolf is an idea, a musical idea we are just beginning to find. The five of us are searching for a unique musical identity, and I'm glad that the public likes our first album. If they dig what we're doing now, just wait until they hear the second third and fourth albums."

At this writing, Steppenwolf is playing the blues and also playing with the blues, stretching that most inelastic of musical formats until it conforms to the major musical talents that are Steppenwolf.

Steppenwolf was formed in July 1967 and for the next six months rehearsed five hours a day every day of the week until "it" - the elusive musical statement they had been searching for came through. Declaring themselves ready to record and perform in public, the quintet acquired a Dunhill contract and a management contract with Reb Foster and Bill Utley.

They entered the recording studio knowing what had to be done and did it, professionally, imaginatively and skillfully. The album was released on a Monday. By Thursday, it was the most requested new album on KPPC, the "underground" FM station in Los Angeles. By the next Monday, it was being programmed on KRLA, the leading top 40 station in that city and by the end of the second week received major air play as well in the East, South and Midwest.

The whole thing happened fast - almost as if America had been unconsciously awaiting Steppenwolf. Was it the blues feeling, the musicianship, the material? Who knows? Or cares. The vacuum of musical stardom had been filled and that was all that mattered.

Steppenwolf's future? Original material, tons of it is waiting to be recorded, including Kay's imaginative 17-minute history of the blues. In it you'll be able to hear touches of blues giants like Robert Johnson, Elmo James and the

Staple Singers.

Right now, Steppenwolf rehearses the same five hours a day in the same garage on the same main thoroughfare in Los Angeles. The only difference is - now the crowds are larger.

John Kay - Lead Singer

At 24, John is the old man of the group. He was born in Prussia, Germany and spent his childhood in East and West Germany and Canada. He digs every musician from Hank Williams to the Beatles and especially likes the vocal styles of Aretha Franklin and Buffy St. Marie. The formation of Steppenwolf is the turning point of his career, and a bad amplifier is the height of misery to him. He admires men who have the courage not to fight and yet gives Jim Garrison high marks for continuing his investigation into the assassination of President Kennedy. He feels he lacks natural musical ability and says, "I work harder than any musician I know because I don't have as much talent as they do." Ironically, he feels that having only partial vision has become his greatest asset since he has come to understand things and people since his eyes cannot do the understanding for him. He'd like to live "somewhere off in the distance" and his professional ambition is "to find that indefinable something" that will give Steppenwolf's success a meaning that has traditionally eluded pop groups. His greatest hope is that the world will improve itself and that he will spend his old age "living like a young man."

Rushton John Moreve (John) - Bass

It's not every rock combo that has an ex-electrician playing bass. But then John Moreve is not the average bass player either. When you learn that his favorite book is "Alice In Wonderland," that he'd like to live in Venice (the one in Italy) and that his ambition is to jump out of an airplane without a parachute, you know that John is interesting to say the least. He's 20, was born in Los Angeles and first played in public as early as junior high school. Frank Zappa and Lightnin' Hopkins have influenced his music, and his favorite group is the Standells. His favorite historical character is Alexander The Great, and if he couldn't be a musician, he'd be a pirate. He labels patience and understanding as the most desirable qualities in a woman and "being able to groove" as most important for a man. He is married to the fabled Animal Huxley whom he names as his favorite heroine, musical influence, girl singer, clothes designer, his biggest asset, biggest liability and greatest hope. His motto is live for

today, and his only professional ambition is to be a musician.

Jerry Edmonton - Drummer

When someone recently asked Jerry "What was the turning point of your career?" he answered, "I have always gone in the same direction." He says that he got interested in music when he first heard it as a child and has wanted to be a drummer since he was able to hold a pair of sticks in his hand. Edgar Varese is his favorite composer and Ravi Shankar his favorite musician. He looks for honesty, beauty and earthiness in a girl, sincerity and understanding in men and would like to live someday on top of a hill surrounded by barbed wire and cut glass. His biggest hang-up is not having time to take a shower after playing a gig, owns a Great Dane named Tiffany and would like to have the ability to create physical matter with his own two hands. His wish is for Steppenwolf to become the most respected musical group in the world, and his greatest hope is "not to have to hope anymore."

Michael Allen Monarch (Mike) - Guitar

Every group has a silent one. Meet Silent Mike of Steppenwolf. He's just 18, was born in L.A. and began playing the piano at age 7. He's since switched to guitar, and Steppenwolf is his first group affiliation. He's honest enough to say that he's been influenced by "every musician I've heard and liked," likes to steal away to the mountains every chance he gets, and being successful as a musician is his only ambition. Mike feels that most people today overreact in most situations and feels passivity is a most overlooked virtue. Given a chance to be anything or anybody, he would like to be a dog and won't figure out what to do in his old age until he gets there.

Goldy McJohn - Organist - Pianist

You learn fast not to ask Goldy frivolous questions. For example:

- Q. Where would you like to live?
A. The Garden of Eden.
- Q. What would you like to have been?
A. Chopin's piano tuner.

Add to that the fact that Goldy would like to die "making love on a grand piano," and you pretty much know where Goldy is at. As to where he's been, he was a child prodigy on organ at age 8, had conservatory training early in life and considers dropping out of school to become a professional musician the turning point of his career. Lenny Bruce, Jonathan Winters and Dylan are Goldy's favorites. His idea of happiness is "a thumb and a blanket," appreciates honesty in both sexes and says being overserious is his big hang-up. Sure it is. □



BILL HALEY

In England

He's older now - a good bit older - and a little fatter - mainly round the waist and under the chin. And his dress is as sober as any you'll see around the London Stock Exchange. But there is no mistaking the chubby genial features, the curl of hair that laps down over the forehead. Bill Haley, as he was in the beginning and in Chapter 1 of the story of rock music, is back in Britain on a wave of nostalgia and a resurgence of interest in rock-

a figure from the past; a page of history come alive.

And, as you'd expect from a man with his experience of the business, a man who has bathed in huge fortune and fame, and who has tasted the bitterness of rejection, there is nothing head-in-the-sky about the Bill Haley who is in Britain again with his formidable Comets. The 41-year-old Haley is a realist.

I found the King holding court in

the lounge of his London hotel, surrounded by MCA executives, the only original Comet left, saxist Rudi Pompelli, and a cluster of used coffee cups. We moved to a quiet corner and I asked him what he thought were the chances of a rock revival on a large scale.

The eyes twinkled behind the dark glasses. "I will be able to tell you better after I have worked here for a few weeks. But it is a cause you have



to work for. I have got to carry it to kids and make it happen.

"Now if Presley were on the next plane over here; Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard and Fats Domino were following on another, then we could blitzkrieg England with the old style rock. We could make it last for five years. I am going to do my best and tell them how it is, but I cannot do it on my own. It is something we have got to fight for. It will not happen by itself."

How did the news reach him of the British resurgence of rock interest? "We were doing a long tour of Canada, when we had TV producers trying to get in touch with us, and offers started coming in from the big record companies. I thought something must be going on, and then I had a call from Hugh McCullum, my fan club president, telling me what was happening over here.

"Yes, it was a great surprise because I was not thinking of it at the time. We were not campaigning for a rock revival or working in that direction. We just felt happy with the success we had had, and we were not being greedy in trying to bring it back.

"I was content with what we were doing, but I was realistic about it. Other people have to have their chance so why should we be always knocking on the door and saying 'How do you

like this as a new record?' I used to be a disc jockey and I know there is nothing worse than an artist who has been successful, constantly trying to repeat his success with record after record."

"But I have always felt that if we waited and bided our time the evolution of music had to come back to rock."

Why did he think interest had been revived? "It is because everybody has been searching for something new. Lately we've had the psychedelic phase, and soul, and I guess the kids have gone looking for something different, and have found the old rock singles in their elder brother's or sister's record collections.

"If there is a revival it will be because the kids want something they can dance to. They want to be able to dance and show off, and you cannot do that with protest songs. All you can do is cry to them. I think it is that simple."

There was just a hint of sadness in his voice when he said: "I have seen music go up and down. I personally have objected to protest songs and crying songs. My idea in creating rock and roll was to make kids happy. I thought about the record hops and the kids after school dancing to the juke box.

"They have to face problems in the world when they get older and I think it is wrong to make them face problems

so young. They don't want protest songs about the H bomb because they just don't want to have to think about things like that at their age."

Looking back on those early days was Bill surprised at the way his music had caught the imagination of the young? "I didn't understand it then but I do now," he answered. "You see there was no music then for young people, for teenagers. We were the first to give them music of their own and it exploded on us all over the world."

As he had mentioned Presley, I commented on the way their respective careers had started out on the same footing and how they had both gone away in different directions. "Elvis and I were and still are very good friends. But Elvis was a very handsome guy and I wasn't. I think he would still be right along with me now but he was handsome and the movies called to him.

"I can remember turning down a five year film contract with Columbia. I took a realistic view and realised I was not a matinee idol. I didn't imagine myself to be handsome and I decided to stay in something which I enjoyed doing. I am a bandleader. I love to play for people and I knew I wouldn't be able to come back as a faded movie star - but I could as a bandleader." And sure enough - here he is. □nick logan



WORDS TO YOUR FAVORITE HITS

• COMPLETE SONG INDEX •

Amen	29	Folsom Prison Blues.....	32	Look Of Love.....	34
Angel Of The Morning.....	34			Lover's Holiday.....	29
Baby You Come Rollin' 'Cross My Mind.....	28	Here Comes The Judge.....	31	People Sure Act Funny.....	30
Back In Love Again.....	33	Here Comes The Judge.....	33		
Be Young Be Foolish Be Happy.....	29	Here I Am Baby.....	34	Safe In My Garden.....	33
Bring A Little Lovin'	34	Honest Papas Love Their Mamas Better	29	Saturday's Father.....	30
Can't You See Me Cry.....	31	Hurdy Gurdy Man.....	28	Some Things You Never Get Used To.....	32
D.W. Washburn.....	32	I Can't Quit Her.....	30	Stoned Soul Picnic.....	32
D-I-V-O-R-C-E	28	I'm A Midnight Mover.....	31	Story Of Rock & Roll.....	32
Don't Take It So Hard.....	30	Indian Lake.....	34		
Eleanor Rigby.....	33	It Should Have Been Me.....	33	Understanding	30
Let Me Be Lonely.....	29	It's Nice To Be With You.....	30	Yester Love.....	34
Let Yourself Go.....	31	Jumpin' Jack Flash.....	31	You Send Me.....	29

•D—I-V—O—R—C—E

(As recorded by Tammy Wynette/
Epic)

BOBBY BRADDOCK
CURLY PUT MAN
Our little boy is four years old
And quite a little man
So we spell out the words
We don't want him to understand
Like t-o-y or maybe s-u-r-p-r-i-s-e
But the words hidden from him now
Tear the heart right out of me.

Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E becomes final today
Me and little Joe will be going away
I love you both and this will be h-e-l-f
for me
Oh, I wish that we could stop this
D-I-V-O-R-C-E.

Watch him smile
He thinks it's Christmas
Or his fifth birthday
And he thinks c-u-s-t-o-d-y spells fun or
prize
I spell out all of hurtin' words
And turn my head when I speak
Cause I can't spell away this hurt
That's dripping down my cheek

Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E becomes final today
Me and little Joe will be going away
I love you both and this will be h-e-l-f
for me
Oh, I wish that we could stop this
D-I-V-O-R-C-E.

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•BABY, YOU COME ROLLIN' 'CROSS MY MIND

(As recorded by the Peppermint
Trolley Co./Acta)
JESSE LEE KINCAID

Every now and then I see you again
Baby, you come rollin' 'cross my mind
Every once or twice the feelin's kind of
nice
Baby, you come rollin' 'cross my mind
Baby, you come rollin' 'cross my mind.

Every other day since you've been away
Baby, you come rollin' 'cross my mind
When I think I'm free, you sneak up on me
Baby, you come rollin' 'cross my mind
Baby, you come rollin' 'cross my mind.

In the windows of the stores
In the darkened pawn shop doors
In the poundin' summer rain
You come back to me again
And when the feelin' comes it's like a
thousand drums
Poundin' in my heart since we've been
apart
Baby, you come rollin' 'cross my mind
Baby, you come rollin' 'cross my mind.

In the morning aftermath
You come back and cross my path
And when the feelin' comes it's like a
thousand drums
Poundin' in my heart since we've been
apart
Baby, you come rollin' 'cross my mind
Baby, you come rollin' 'cross my mind.
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•HURDY GURDY MAN

(As recorded by Donovan/Epic)
DONOVAN LEITCH

Thrown like a star in my vast sleep
I open my eyes to take a peep
To find that I was by the sea
Gazing with tranquility
'Twas then when the hurdy gurdy man
came singing songs of love
Then when the hurdy gurdy man came
singing songs of love.

Hurdy gurdy, hurdy gurdy, hurdy gurdy,
gurdy he sang
Hurdy gurdy, hurdy gurdy, hurdy gurdy,
gurdy he sang
Hurdy gurdy, hurdy gurdy, hurdy gurdy,
gurdy he sang.

His stories of ages past unenlightened
shadows cast
Down thro' all eternity the crying of
humanity
'Twas then when the hurdy gurdy man
comes singing songs of love
Then when the hurdy gurdy man comes
singing songs of love.

Hurdy gurdy, hurdy gurdy, hurdy gurdy,
gurdy he sang
Here comes the roly poly man
And he's singing songs of love
Roly poly, roly poly, poly roly he sang.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

● BE YOUNG, BE FOOLISH, BE HAPPY

(As recorded by the Tams/ABC)

RAY WHITLEY

J.B. COBB

Be young, be foolish and be happy
Be young, be foolish and be happy
Don't let the rain get you down
It's a waste of time
Have your fun and live every day in
the bright sunshine
Well it's the same ole story all over
the world
Girl needs boy and boy needs girl
So be young, be foolish and be happy
Be young, be foolish and be happy.

Don't let your love slip away
Live your life for today
Life's too short to worry about
important things
Reach for the sky and touch a star
And you'll find your dream
Cause dreaming alone is ashame indeed
But if you got love that's all you need
Be young, be foolish, and be happy
Be young, be foolish and be happy.
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& Low-Sal Music.

● HONEST PAPAS LOVE THEIR MAMAS BETTER

(As recorded by Fats Domino/Reprise)

ZOMPA

DECAESAR

Mama knows that papa grows on jelly
beans
Takes good care but pulls his hair when
he gets mean
Papa knows that mama goes for fancy
dress
And papa give her nothing but the very
best
And papa give her nothing but the very
best
Honest papas love their mamas better.

Mama know where papa goes to heal
his pride
Starts to croon and sings his tune to
gin & rye
Papa knows that mama shows her love
is strong
By waitin' up for him till the very dawn
By waitin' up for him till the very dawn
Honest papas love their mamas better.

They live and laugh and love together
It makes their little world seem better
And after laughs and fun is fun
They kiss goodnight till the morning come
Honest papas love their mamas better.

Papa knows that mama goes for fancy
dress
And papa give her nothing but the very
best
And papa give her nothing but the very
best
Honest papas love their mamas better
Honest papas love their mamas better
Honest papas love their mothers better.
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ured.

● LET ME BE LONELY

(As recorded by Dionne Warwick/
Scepter)

HAL DAVID

BURT BACHARACH

Oh let me be lonely
I want to be faithful and honest and true
to the one I love
The one I love.

Oh let me be lonely
I've got to be someone he's proud to
come home to some happy day
Oh what a day that will be
I want to be there by the door when
he comes back
If I deceive him even once I couldn't
face him
Oh, no I couldn't face him
If I give in to loneliness and hold you
tight all through the night.

Oh let me be lonely
'Cause I love him only
Let me be, let me be, let me be lonely
I want to be there by his side all thru
my life
And if I ever let him down I'd have
to tell him
Oh yes, I'd have to tell him and if I
did what could he do
He'd say goodbye and I would die
Oh let me be lonely
'Cause I love him only
Let me be, let me be, let me be, let me
be, let me be lonely.
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sic, Inc. and Jac Music Co., Inc.

● AMEN

(As recorded by Otis Redding/Atco)

OTIS REDDING

Amen, Amen, A-Amen, Amen, Amen
With the horns now, Amen
With the rhythm now, Amen, Amen,
Amen, Amen, Amen
Everybody now Amen, Amen, Amen,
Amen, Amen.

This little light of mine
I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine
I'm gonna let it shine yeah, yeah
This little light of mine
I'm gonna let it shine, let it shine, let
it shine to show my love.

One thing my papa used to say
He say that even in my home son,
I say what dad
I'm gonna let it shine
He say even in your home son
You've got to let your lovelight shine
Even in your home son
You've got to let it shine
Just let it shine
Just let it shine to show your love.

And then I say daddy, help me sing
this line one time
Amen (he help me)
Amen (with a feeling)
Amen, Amen, Amen
Everybody together now, Amen
A little louder now, Amen
Everybody say Amen, Amen, Amen.
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● LOVER'S HOLIDAY

(As recorded by Peggy & Jo Jo/
SSS Int.)

EDWARD THOMAS

BOB MCREE

CLIFTON THOMAS

Love is quite a feeling
Love is so appealing
Come this Friday night
Everything will be upright
I got plans baby that are out of sight

Maybe we can slip away
And take a lover's holiday
We'll try not to over stay
But if we do it's okay.

Maybe we can slip away
We can love till the break of day
We don't care what the people say
We'll just go our way.

Love is reassuring

Love is so enduring

This you can't deny

And we won't even try

It's so good baby

Good for you and I

(Repeat chorus).

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● YOU SEND ME

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin/
Atlantic)

SAM COOKE

Darling, you send me

Darling, you send me

Darling, you send me

Honest you do, honest you do, honest
you do

You thrill me

Darling, you thrill me

Baby, you, you thrill me

Honest you do, honest you do, honest
you do.

At first I thought it was infatuation
But oh it's lasted so long, so long
Now I find myself wanting you
I want you to marry me
Please take me home
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

You, you send me

Darling, you send me

Darling, you send me

Honest you do, honest you do

You know you did, you know you do
now.

(You send me)

You got everything it takes to win me

(You send me)

And when you do the things you do you
know that

(You send me)

Honest you do

You send me, you send me baby, you
send me

You move me, you groove me wooo you
send me

I just, I just, I just dare you to send me
Yes I'm a silly millimeter longer

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Just can't stand it

Thrill me, kill me ooh send me

Send me baby, send me baby.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

• IT'S NICE TO BE WITH YOU

(As recorded by Monkees/Colegems)

JERRY GOLDSTEIN

Hey, look what you have done
Showing me the sun
And now it's shining through
It's nice to be with you
Each time that I give my heart to
someone new
They just turn it blue
But this time is my time and my time
is all the time I have to be with you
So please never go away
Say you're gonna stay
And make my dreams come true
'Cause it's nice to be with you.

Hey I like the things you say
And I like the way you do the things
you do

It's nice to be with you

(Repeat chorus).

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• PEOPLE SURE ACT FUNNY

(As recorded by Arthur Conley/Atco)

TITUS TURNER

JAMES McDUGAL

People sure act funny when they get a little
money, yes they do y'all
Sure act funny when they get a little money
yes they do y'all
I knowed you when you lived in a hut
You made your livin' from the pain in
your gut
Now you're livin' on easy street
You pass me by you just don't want to
speak

People sure do holler when they get up to
a dollar, yes they do y'all
Sure do holler when they get up to a dollar
yes they do, man
I knowed you when you didn't have no
shoes

Your whole family sung the moanin' blues
Now you're grinnin' like a cheerful cat
Your pocket is sown big and fat

People sure do squeal when they get a
dollar bill yes they do, man
People sure do squeal when they get a
dollar bill yes they do, y'all
I knowed you when you were my friend
I stuck with you through the thick and thin
Now you're putting me down
I'm here to tell you tables turn around.

People sure act mean when they get a mess
of green yes they do, man
Sure act mean when they get a mess of
green yes they do, man
I knowed you when you didn't have a
dime

We'd be together all the time
Now that you're a millionaire
You can't be found nowhere
People sure act funny when they get
a little money yes they do, y'all
Sure act funny when they get some
money
They don't want me around
I'm gonna get out of this town and find
me some money
Sure act funny when they get a little
money.

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• DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD

(As recorded by Paul Revere & The Raiders/Columbia)

MARK LINDSAY

I've tried to let you down so easy
I'd like to still be just a friend
We shared such memories together
But all good things come to an end.
You should not take it so hard
You should not take it so hard.
You wonder when you are going to see me
I might just pass this way again
Until then don't you wait up for me
'Cause now I'm getting in the wind
Don't you remember what I told you from
the start?
When people fall in love too much
It can cause a broken heart that won't
mend easy.
But if you just wait sometime
I may come walking to you in the sunshine.
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• I CAN'T QUIT HER

(As recorded by Blood, Sweat & Tears/Columbia)

A. KOOPER

IRWIN LEVINE
I can't quit her
She got a hold on me
She got a hand on my soul
I can't quit her
Cause I see her face everywhere I go
In the city streets, in the country fields
In the back of my mind I know it can't
be real for a woman to possess all
the tenderness she has
But the hands of time
Keep ticking at my back
Cause it's been so long since I had
her back beside me, yeah, I know.

I can't quit her
Cause in my darkest night
She comes on like a light
I can't quit her
Try as I may with all my might
She had a woman's touch
A young girl's eyes
In seconds flat I was proselitized
I turned around and then to feel sweet love
But the hands of time keep ticking at my
back
Cause it's been so long since I had her
back beside me, yeah.

True love is something
Every young boy knows about
In a fractured world so pressed to find
some
I was a young boy till I held her in
my arms
Now I find that I'm strung out behind
some.

I can't quit her
She got a hand on me
She got a hold on my soul
I can't quit her
Cause I see her face everywhere I go
I can't quit her, oooh yeah
I know you know I see her face
everywhere I go
I need her, I need my little girl.
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• SATURDAY'S FATHER

(As recorded by the Four Seasons/Phillips)

BOB GAUDIO

J. HOLMES

She wakes them in the early light
They're going to go away
She dresses them in party clothes
She ties their hair in colored bows
Today is father's day.

She said he'll be there right on time
He'll be there come what may
He'll take them to a puppet show
The little one can't wait to go
Today is father's day.

See them always smiling

Full of games to play
Fun to have a daddy every Saturday
He brings them home by supper time
To where he used to stay
And so they kiss him on the cheek
She sees him off but they don't speak
Today is father's day.

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• UNDERSTANDING (The Best Thing In The World)

(As recorded by Ray Charles/ABC)

JIMMY HOLIDAY

RAY CHARLES

Understanding is the best thing in the world
Between a boy and a girl
Boy and a girl
Woman or a man
It's always better when you really understand
You know what I mean
And it hurts me to see some of my friends floundering their lives
Never knowing the meaning of the word understanding.

For instance, me and my woman
We got a good thing going
Because of one simple fact
You see I understand
That if I don't go out and work
Pay the bills and rent on time and buy
her pretty clothes to wear
No matter how much a woman love me
She's gonna go out and find her somebody
that will
That's what I'm trying to tell you
(Repeat chorus).

And she understands that a man's got to
have respect
What I mean is that if she must play
around
Don't let me catch her
Cause it's a known fact that what a man
doesn't see don't hurt him
You dig now, listen
On the other hand if I did catch her
I'm not gonna call her a bunch of bad
names
Like the rest of y'all might
No, I ain't gonna say a word
I'm going on down to the hardware store
Get me a double blade axe handle
Come back home and square off
And immediately go upside her head
She'll understand that
(Repeat chorus).
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•HERE COMES THE JUDGE

(As recorded by Pigmeat Markham/
Chess)

**ALEN
ASTOR
MARKHAM
HARVEY**

Here ye, here ye, this court is now in session

His Honor, Judge Pigmeat Markham presidin'

Here ye, here ye, the court of swing It's just about ready to do that thing I don't want no tears, I don't want no lies

Above all, I don't want no alibis

This Judge is hip, and that ain't all

He'll give you time if you're big or small Fall in line for this court is neat

Peace brother, here comes the judge here comes the judge

Everybody knows that he is the judge.

Everybody near or far

I'm goin' to Paris to stop this war

All those kids gotta listen to me Because I am the judge and you can plainly see

I wanna big 'round table when I get there

I won't sit down to one that's square I wanna lay down the law to them that brought it

I'll bust some head because I am the judge He is the judge, he is the judge.

•LET YOURSELF GO

(As recorded by Elvis Presley/RCA Victor)

EVERS

Oh baby, I'm gonna teach you what love's all about tonight

Trust me honey, everything's gonna be all right

Just do like I do

There ain't nothing to it

Listen to me baby

Anybody can do it

All you gotta do is just let yourself go.

Now don't be afraid just relax and take it real slow

Cool it baby, you ain't got no place to go Just put your arms around me real tight

Enjoy yourself and baby don't fight All you gotta do is just let yourself go.

All you need is just a little rehearsal

The first thing that you'll know

You'll be ready for the grand finale

So come on baby let's go, let's go,

let's go let's go.

Take a real deep breath and put your warm red lips on mine

Just do like I tell you

Everything's gonna be just fine

Kiss me nice and easy

Take your time

Cause baby I'm the only one here in line

All you gotta do is just let yourself go

Let yourself go now

Let yourself go, let your self go now

Girl, let yourself go

Just let yourself go

All you gotta do is just let yourself go.

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Music, Inc.

Who's there? I is. I is who?
I is your nextdoor neighbor
Order in this courtroom, order in this courtroom
Judge, your Honorship, Hi, sir
Did I hear you say, "Order in the court?"
Yes I said order in the court
Well, I'll take two cans of beer, please
He is the judge, he is the judge,
Everybody knows that he is the judge.

I had a chat with Ho Chi Min
With cheap rice wine and chased with gin
Won't take long unless I miss my guess
I'll have you out of this doggone mess,
I sent a cable to Bob and Mac
Let them know I'm comin' back
Sit right down with Rock and Nick, teach
them boys some of Pigmeat's tricks.

Oh, oh, judge, your Honor, Pigmeat said,
"Don't you remember me?"
No, who are you, boy.
Well, I'm the feller that introduced you to
your wife...to my wife?
Yeh, life! You son-of-a-gun you
Come November, election time, you vote
your way, I'll vote mine
Cause there's a tie, and the money gets
spent
Vote for Pigmeat Markham, President
I am the judge, vote for Pigmeat
I am the judge, vote for Pigmeat
Now, everybody knows I am the judge.

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•JUMPIN' JACK FLASH

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones/
London)

**MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARD**

Watch it
I was born in a crossfire hurricane
And I howled at my ma in the drivin' rain
But it's all right now
In fact it's a gas
But it's all right
I'm jumpin' Jack Flash it's a gas,
gas, gas.

I was raised by a toothless bearded hag
I was schooled with a strap right across
my back
But it's all right now
In fact it's a gas
But it's all right
Jumpin' Jack Flash, it's a gas, gas,
gas, gas.

I was drowned, I was washed up and
left for dead
I fell down to my feet and I saw they bled
I frowned at the crumbs of a crust of
bread
I was crowned with a spike right through
my head
But it's all right
In fact it's a gas
But it's all right
I'm Jumpin' Jack Flash, it's a gas,
gas, gas
Jumpin' Jack Flash, it's a gas
Jumpin' Jack Flash, it's a gas
Jumpin' Jack Flash, it's a gas.
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•I'M A MIDNIGHT MOVER

(As recorded by Wilson Pickett/
Atlantic)

**WILSON PICKETT
BOBBY WOMACK**

I'm a midnight mover
All night through
I'm a midnight teaser
Real soul pleaser
I'm a midnight hugger
All night long
And a lover.

Trust in me when you're down and out
I will always bring you up
They call me the midnight mover
I'm a midnight walker
Sweet soul talker
I'm a midnight creeper
All day sleeper
I'm a midnight rover
Have to look things over.

Leave your love light shinin' bright
Makes me know that everything's all right
I'm a mover, groover, teaser, pleaser
hugger, lover, walker, talker
Got to be a midnight mover
Got to be a midnight groover
Got to be a midnight teaser
Got to be a real soul pleaser
Got to be a midnight hugger
Got to be a midnight lover
Got to be a midnight walker
Got to be a midnight talker
Got to be a midnight creeper.
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•CAN'T YOU SEE ME CRY

(As recorded by New Colony Six/
Mercury)

R. GRAFFIA

G. VANKOLLENBURG

And when I spend my hours looking at
your window
And when I see you pass by
I begin to hear you
Still I know that you won't hear me
Won't you love me, don't you need me
Can't you see me cry.

And as I watch you draw your shade
when night is falling
I want to call your name
And blame you for my wasted tears
But I can't see you through the haze
Won't you love me, don't you need me
Can't you see me cry.

Would you remember me if I asked for
the name of someone who loves you
Or would you answer that you don't know
but I look familiar
Who loves you, who loves you.

So if you see me standing here beneath
your window
And if it's getting late
Remember that I'll wait for you
And watch until my life is through
Won't you love me, don't you need me
Can't you see me cry, can't you see
me cry can't you see me cry.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•STORY OF ROCK & ROLL

(As recorded by The Turtles/White Whale)

HARRY NILSSON

Well it started out way down South
Took a left turn and headed on out
It was a-movin' very slow now
Cause it was travelin' by the world of mouth
Then a show stopped at New Orleans yeah
Then it headed for the New York State
And the people there with the doggone air
Have they found out what it means yeah, yeah
To have rock and roll music yeah.

Sweet groovy music but it's the only kind of music
That reaches right to your soul
One on guitar picking
And then he took it by the hand
He said now listen to me everybody
I've got a message that you've got to understand
And then he took that brand new music
Yeah and he let it cross the USA
And now some folks that would have heard that should
But it looks like it's here to stay
And they call it rock and roll music yeah
Sweet groovy music
But it looks like it's gonna be around
Because nobody's going to put it down.
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•D.W. WASHBURN

(As recorded by the Monkees/Colegems)

JERRY LEIBER

MIKE STOLLER

D. Double U Washburn I heard a sweet voice say
D. Double U Washburn this is your lucky day
A hot bowl of soup is waitin'
A hot bowl of soup and a shave
D. Double U Washburn we picked you to save.

Can't you hear the fleugel horn?
Can't you hear the bell?
Even you can be reborn
You naughty ne'er do well
If you don't get outta that gutter
Before the next big rain
D. Double U Washburn you're gonna wash right down the drain.

Up, up c'mon get up off the street
If you can only make it to your hands and knees
I know you can make it to your feet
D. Double U Washburn I said to myself
D. Double U Washburn why don't they go save somebody else?
You see I got no job to go to
I don't work and I don't get paid
I got a bottle of wine and I'm feelin' fine
And I do believe I've got it made
I'd like to thank all you good people for coming to my aid
But I'm D. Double U Washburn and believe I've got it made.

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•FOLSOM PRISON BLUES

(As recorded by Johnny Cash/Columbia)

JOHNNY CASH

Hello, I'm Johnny Cash
I hear the train a-comin'
It's rollin' round the bend
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I
don't know when
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time
keeps draggin' on
But that train keeps rollin' on down
to San Antone.

When I was just a baby my mama told
me son
Always be a good boy, don't ever play
with guns
But I shot a man in Reno
Just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowin'
I hang my head and cry.

I bet there's rich folks eatin' from a fancy dinin' car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars
Well, I know I had it comin'
I know I can't be free
But those people keep a-movin' and that's what tortures me.

Well, if they freed me from this prison
If that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison that's where
I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow
my blues away.

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•SOME THINGS YOU NEVER GET USED TO

(As recorded by The Supremes/Motown)

NICHOLAS ASHFORD

VALERIE SIMPSON

Some things you never get used to
It's the same routine of getting up every morning
And puttin' on a smile
But underneath there's another person
Who can't find a reason to make living worthwhile
Ah another day to get through
Without the love that was mine
Sometimes I think my heartache's comin' to an end
And then something brings it all back again
Like wanting you and like needing you
I'll never get used to
I've gotten used to not listenin' for familiar sounds you used to make
Now I'm trying to get out of the habit of calling your name first thing when I awake
Look here just like a child's first step
I have to learn to walk all over again.

Cause you were always there if I should fall
And there's nobody else I should call
It's like wanting you and not having you
I'll never get used to
Lost in a cloud
I think I caught a glimpse of you
Blindly rush to touch your hand
Huh! only to discover it's my mind playing tricks on me again
Tricks on me again
Some things you never get used to
Sometimes I think my heartache's comin' to an end
And then something brings it all back again
Like wanting you and like having you
I'll never get used to.

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•STONED SOUL PICNIC

(As recorded by The 5th Dimension/Soul City)

LAURA NYRO

Can you surry, can you picnic?
Can you surry, can you picnic?
Surry down to a stoned soul picnic
Surry down to a stoned soul picnic
There'll be lots of time and wine
Red, yellow honey
Sassafrass and moonshine
Red, yellow honey
Sassafrass and moonshine
Stoned soul, stoned soul.

Surry down to a stoned soul picnic
Surry down to a stoned soul picnic
Rain and sun came in akin
And from the sky come the Lord and the lightning
And from the sky come the Lord and the lightning
Stoned soul, surry on soul.

Surry, surry, surry
There'll be trains of blossoms
There'll be trains of music
There'll be trains of trust
Trains of golden dust
Come along and surry on sweet train of thought.

Surry on down
Can you surry?
Surry down to a stoned soul picnic
Surry down to a stoned soul picnic
There'll be lots of time and wine
Red, yellow honey
Sassafrass and moonshine
Red, yellow honey
Sassafrass and moonshine, moonshine
Stoned soul, yeah surry on soul,
Surry, surry, surry, surry, surry, surry
Surry, surry, surry, surry, surry, surry
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•BACK IN LOVE AGAIN

(As recorded by the Buckinghams/
Columbia)

MARTIN GREBB

Here I am back in love again
And I'm happy that it's not pretend
At last I found a girl to give my heart
a whirl
Someone whose love is from a dream
So here I am back in love again.

Thinking back I can remember when
I thought I'd never find

This feeling in my mind

Someone whose love is what it seems
I've been looking for someone to love
me again
I've been looking for someone to love
me again.

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•IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME

(As recorded by Gladys Knight & the
Pips/Soul)

WILLIAM STEVENSON

NORMAN WHITFIELD

I saw my love walking down the aisle
And as he passed me by
He turned and gave me a smile
Then, the preacher, then the preacher
The preacher joined their hands
And all the people, all the people began
to stand
When I shouted you know that it should
have been me
(Instead of her walking with you).

You are leaving me stranded
You know that it should have been me
the baby
Oh baby gettin' ready to marry you
Darlin' darlin' darlin'
You made a promise that we would
never part
Then you turned around and broke my
little heart
Now you're standing there saying I do
Holding hands with somebody new
You know that it should have been me
(I can't stand it) Instead of her standing
by you
You know that it should have been me
It should have been me
(Baby don't do it)
Getting ready to say I do
(Baby don't do it)
Then the preacher oh yeah the preacher
asked
That there be silence please.

If anybody objects to this wedding
Speak now or forever or forever hold
your peace
Then I shouted it should have been me
You know that it should have been me
You know that it should have been me
Baby how could you do this to me
Darling, darling, darling
You know that it should have been me
Don't you know that it should have
been me
You know that it should have been me
I've been faithful to you baby, baby,
baby
You were leaving me stranded.
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•HERE COMES THE JUDGE

(As recorded by Shorty Long/Soul)

BILLIE JEAN BROWN
SUZANNE DEPASSE
FREDERICK LONG

Hear ye, hear ye
The court's in session
The court's in session, now
Here comes the judge
Here comes the judge, here comes the judge
Here comes the judge, here comes the judge.

Stop eatin' that fudge
Cause here comes the judge
Don't nobody buzz
Cause here comes the judge
Judge Shorty is presidin' today
And he don't take no stuff from nobody
No kind of way

Hey boy, take off that hat
Where do you think you're at
I know we're you gon' be
If you don't heed my plea
I'm here to tell you court's in session
Order in the court now
Court's in session
Can't nobody smoke now
Here comes the judge
Here comes the judge, here comes the judge

here comes the judge.

Here comes the judge, here comes the judge
Y'all here comes the judge
Order, order what's the first case on
the docket
Judge I got a boy here who can't dance
Can't dance?, ah
Ninety days, thirty days for boogaloo
Thirty days to learn how to shing-a-ling
And thirty more for the Afro twist
Can't dance, what is this
Court's in session everybody quiet now
Court's in session here comes the judge
here comes the judge
Is that the man?
No, your Honor
Does he look like the man?
No, your Honor
Well, I'm sorry you got to go now
Ah ha you can't recognize the man
You got to stand guilty
Here comes the judge, here comes the judge
here comes the judge
Ah yes here comes the judge
They caught him stompin' down the aisle
Yes here comes the judge
I'd rather be lost in the jungle of Brazil
Than to face the judge this morning
the way he feels
Here comes the judge, here comes the
judge hey.

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•ELEANOR RIGBY

(As recorded by Ray Charles/ABC)

JOHN LENNON

PAUL McCARTNEY

Ah, look at all the lonely people
Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in
the church
Where a wedding has been
Lives in a dream
Waits at the window, wearing the face
that she keeps in a jar by the door
Who is it for?

All the lonely people, where do they
come from?
All the lonely people, where do they
all belong?
Father McKenzie, writing the words
of a sermon that no one will hear
No one comes near
Look at him working, darning his
socks in the-night
When there's nobody there
What does he care.

All the lonely people, ah, look at all the
lonely people
Eleanor Rigby died in the church and
was buried along with her name
Nobody came
Father McKenzie, wiping the dirt from
his hands as he walks from the grave
No one was saved.
(Repeat chorus).

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•SAFE IN MY GARDEN

(As recorded by The Mama's &
Papa's / Dunhill)

JOHN PHILLIPS

Safe in my garden
An ancient flower blooms
And the scent from its nature
Slowly squares my room
And its perfume being such
That it's causing me to swoon.

Could it be we were hot-wired
Late one night while very tired
They stole our minds
And thought we'd never know it
With a bottle in each hand
Too late to try to understand
We don't care where it lands
We just throw it
Somebody take us away
Somebody take us away
(Repeat chorus).

When you go out in the street
So many hassle with the heat
No one there can fill your desire
Cops out with the megaphones
Telling people stay inside your homes
Man, can't they see the world's on fire
Somebody take us away
Somebody take us away
(Repeat chorus.)
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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•THE LOOK OF LOVE

(As recorded by Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66/A&M)

**BACHARACH
DAVID**

The look of love is in your eyes
A look that time can't disguise
The look of love is saying so much
more than
Just words could ever say
And what my heart has heard
Well it takes my breath away
I can hardly wait to hold you
Feel my arms around you
How long I have waited, waited just to
love you
Now that I have found you

You've got the look of love
It's on your face
A look that time can't erase
Be mine tonight
Let this be just the start of so many
nights like this
Let's take a lover's vow
And then seal it with a kiss

I can hardly wait to hold you
Feel my arms around you
How long I have waited, waited just to
love you
Now that I have found you
Don't ever go (don't ever go)
Don't ever go (don't ever go)
Don't ever go (don't ever go).
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•ANGEL OF THE MORNING

(As recorded by Merilee Rush/Bell)
CHIP TAYLOR

There'll be no strings to bind your hands
Not if my love can't bind your heart
And there's no need to take a stand
For it was I who chose to start
I see no need to take me home
I'm old enough to face the dawn
And just call me angel of the morning
Angel, angel
Just touch my cheek before you leave me,
baby
Just call me angel of the morning
And then slowly turn away from me.

Maybe the sun's light will be dim
And it won't matter anyhow
If morning's echoes say we've sinned
Well it was what I wanted now
And if we're victims of the night
I won't be blinded by the light
Just call me angel of the morning
Angel, angel
Just touch my cheek before you leave me,
baby

Just call me angel of the morning
And then slowly turn away
I won't beg you to stay with me
Through the tears of the day of the years
Baby, baby, baby
Just call me angel of the morning
Angel, just touch my cheek before you
leave me, baby.
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•BRING A LITTLE LOVIN'

(As recorded by Los Bravos/Parrot)

**HARRY VANDA
GEORGE YOUNG**
I know that it's ten
And you're stayin' in
La la la la la la la la
And you're stayin' home
And I'm all alone
La la la la la la la la
Won't you, won't you, won't you
Bring a little water, bring a little wine
Bring a little lovin'
I feel fine.

Know that you want to
I know that you do
Come in here and love with me
Bring a little water
Bring a little wine
Bring a little lovin'
I feel fine

Won't you, won't you, won't you.
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•YESTER LOVE

(As recorded by Smokey Robinson/
Tamia)

**ROBINSON
CLEVELAND**

Yesterday we made future plans
She loved me I could tell
Can today be that tomorrow
that we planned so well
Yester baby I'll never forget her
Though tomorrow might bring me
one better
Today I'm on my way to love my
yester love
Today I'm on my way to love my
yester love.

Yesterday I felt a tender kiss upon my face
Now today it's gone and there's a teardrop
on my face
Yester kisses I used to treasure
Now you're givin' some other lips
pleasure
Today I'm on my way dreamin' of my
yester love
Today I'm on my way dreamin' of my
yester love.

Yesteryears the prefix that we fixed
To things that have gone by forever
(couldn't be saved)

Yet even though my yester love has
slipped through my fingers
I find it still lingers in my heart today.

Yesterday I thought I had a love to call
my own

No one could have told me that today
I'd be alone
Yes, this sweetness today has gone sour
Seeming further away with each hour
Today I'm on my way dreamin' of my
yester love
Today I'm on my way dreamin' of my
yester love.
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•INDIAN LAKE

(As recorded by The Cowells/MGM)
TONY ROMEO

You take a bus marked "Lakewood Drive"
And you keep on drivin' till your outta
the city
Where the air is fine with the sweet
smellin' pine
And the countryside's pretty
And you'll see daffodils peepin' over
the hills or a honey lovin' mama bear

You take a left at the bridge
Go down to Quakerforn Ridge
And in a minute you're there
(dupe do be do do do).

Indian Lake is a scene you should make
with your little one
Keep it in mind if you're lookin' to find
a place in the summer sun
Swim in the cove, have a snack in the
grove
Or you can rent a canoe at Indian Lake
You'll be able to make the way the
Indians do.
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•HERE I AM BABY

(As recorded by The Marvelettes/
Tamia)

WM. ROBINSON

Here I am baby
The one who swore to never yield
Here I am baby
The one who swore to play the field
Said I wouldn't let no man tie me down
Not a single one now
Wasn't ever gonna give my heart to a
mother's son now
Was a day I proudly stated the man for
me ain't been created

But here I am baby
The one who was so love defiant
Here I am baby
The one who was so self reliant
Said I wouldn't depend on nothing else
I'll be independent
Make a fortune all my own
And I'll know how to spend it
I'll be so unstationary love would be
unnecessary
But here I am.

Here I am baby baby baby
You won me and I do concede
Here I am baby, baby, baby
I find you're what I really need
Said you've got me hangin' on a string
Don't you let me drop now

Since you started loving me don't you
ever stop now
Don't wanna be loved by another
I ain't goin' another further
Here I am baby, baby
Take me cause I'm yours alone
Here I am baby, baby, baby
Yours to call your very own.
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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

I've had an off and on attraction toward the Dionne Warwick-Burt Bacharach combination. I liked "The Windows of the World," didn't like "I Say a Little Prayer," hated "The Theme From Valley of the Dolls" (which wasn't written by Bacharach anyhow). With "...Dolls" Dionne Warwick hit an all-time artistic low — and possibly, perversely, an all-time popular high. Now Warwick and Bacharach come literally bouncing back with "The Way to San Jose," and most of us are bouncing with them; it is a relief to see them still timely and fresh after six years of partnership.

The admiration of the BeeGees for Bacharach — the instinctive attraction of genius for genius — is not misplaced. While he — like his interpreter, Miss Warwick, indulges in a certain amount of misplaced commercialism, this cannot keep the uniqueness of the vivacity down for long. In "The Way to San Jose," Bacharach beads notes in swift little groups and chunks, manipulating a harmonic abacus. Dionne Warwick is familiar and comfortable with the progressions of her master: She skips from cluster to cluster, greeting old friends made new again. ("...I have lots of friends in San Jose. . ." goes the song.) She has escaped the torpor of "Valley of the Dolls," the vulgarity of "I Say A Little Prayer." A few years ago, Warwick was a cookie-cutter, frosted angel singing "You'll Never Get to Heaven If You Break My Heart." She and Bacharach have lost a few illusions and pretensions, exchanged Heaven for San Jose, but the important thing is that they're still going somewhere.

Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell have to be as sympathetically aware of one another's mood and timing as any duo in existence — yet their new song (which is nothing like the real thing) sounds like a Coca-Cola commercial. Definitely a low-calorie carbonated beverage.

I never cared for the Four Tops when they were making one "original" sound after another — all of which sounded alike. They astonished me first with "Walk Away Renee"; and now have done the impossible feat of virilizing "If I Were a Carpenter." One of the special talents of the Tops seems to be to take songs of extreme fragility and make them stand up and walk. In this case, the transfusion is a complete success, despite Levi Stubbs' totally unnecessary copying of Bobby Darin's vocal mannerisms ("...would you love me any old way. . ."). Stubbs has the power and potential to carry on where Otis Redding left off, if he can manage to shake himself free of vocal imitativeness.

After hovering in the background for a couple of years while stars like Tom Rush and Judy Collins made records and established cults based on her music, Joni Mitchell comes into her own with a niche already carved out, a pedestal set ready for her. Despite the fact that her producer is David Crosby, who has a reputation for being compulsively overbearing, Miss Mitchell's first album, *Song to A Seagull* seems completely her own creation, from the poetry to the album art. Joni Mitchell's voice is a remarkable instrument — Sometimes it seems as though she uses the poetry to serve her voice; her sense of timing is so "singular," that without the liner printout of the words, I couldn't even be sure she is singing in English. The Mitchell interpretation of "Michael from Mount-



Judy Collins

ains," for example, is quite different from Judy Collins' straightforward, narrative and slightly languid treatment. Joni Mitchell delivers her song emphatically, almost arrogantly. "...know that I will know you..." sang Judy Collins, mystically evoking an open-universe time-out-of-time, while Joni Mitchell makes of the line a fiery vow, giving it a theatricality that made it ring almost false.

This becomes obtrusive elsewhere in the album, where it becomes clear that Miss Mitchell is almost painfully aware of her vocal virtuosity. All of her singing has what I would call a kind of 'studied freedom.' I was disappointed by her lack of naturalness; and nowhere in the music did I find the brilliance I had expected from the selective sampling artists like Rush and Collins have given of her work. Some of the poetic ideas ("Marcie") were quite ordinary — images like a short story in *Ladies Home Journal* or *McCall's* — and even a few of the melody structures (Miss Mitchell's strongest area) were — like "Nighttime" — disappointingly derivative; in fact, "Nighttime" is almost a travesty song, in which Miss Mitchell pays an altogether undeserved tribute to one of her inferior admirers.

The second side of the album was my favorite. I like "Sisontowbell Lane" as well as any Joni Mitchell song I have heard yet; the lyrics ("...We have a rocking chair; each of us rocks his share. . .") have an ironic, mocking sentimentality. The tone is built perfectly to the words here: It is soft,

(continued on page 50)



In a British interview recently, Clapton denied the Cream breakup but added that the group can't last forever and each member had personal ambitions. Eric professed a strong desire to return to blues guitar playing. He seemed fed up with trying to write pop songs and holding on to a pop image, reasoning that he is first and always a blues guitarist.

Whether or not they break up, two Cream albums are forthcoming - one recorded in the studio and another recorded during a live performance at the Fillmore Auditorium.

Now on to the remainder of last month's interview with Cream bassist, Jack Bruce and drummer, Ginger Baker.

Making THE CREAM WORK

HP: Jack, do you have any difficulty singing and playing bass at the same time?

Jack: In the beginning it was very difficult. It took a while to get the right independence. I'm just getting comfortable with it now. I can use each line to compliment the other.

HP: Ginger, wouldn't that be similar to the way a drummer has to do different things with his hands and feet?

Ginger: Yes. It's all independence. It's a terrible state for me to get two things going on a piano - a bass line and a topline. Both things have to be independent.

Jack: It's a great feeling when you achieve it because it helps you to play other things better.

HP: A while back you talked about musical freedom but you must think as a unit when you're playing.

Jack: Of course, we must.

Ginger: We don't do it consciously.

Jack: Right, we never really think about music. The music just happens. Thinking about it is on the technical side and once you've overcome that, you shouldn't think about it. Of course, you have to learn to play music, how to play your instrument. Once the technique becomes second nature, you just play.

Ginger: Many times we've frightened ourselves on stage by playing arrangements that we never thought of. It's different every night. We all play by listening to the other two. We dig what the other two are doing and play to it. Freaky things happen like this.

Jack: What makes us different from anything else is that each of us plays out front. Each of us functions as a soloist and I play bass in almost the same manner as a lead guitarist. What we do is we get three separate lines going and when I sing it's four lines but we do it so it all comes together.

Ginger: People told us it wouldn't work when we started because we were known in England as the best on our particular instruments.

Jack: People still think that you've got to have one guy out front and everybody else should take a back seat. But, we proved it wasn't necessary. Of course, two of us will step back and let the other one freak out. But, it can happen to any one of us at an unpredictable time. Ginger: People said we were too

can get into all the rhythms, it must be incredible to dance to.

Ginger: Our wives can all dance to it.

HP: Would you let your music become so free that it would become unrhythmic?

Jack: No. I can't see that.

there is a seemingly unrhythmic passage it should at least have form.

Jack: I've played and written modern jazz things.

HP: As way out as Albert Ayler or Ornette Coleman?

Jack: Oh yeah.

Ginger: In 1961, we had an octet, which Jack and I did most of the writing for. It was very far out.

HP: Did you enjoy that?

Ginger: Oh yeah. The only thing was we were all skin and bones.

Part Two

temperamental as well as musically individual. Eric in particular had this reputation in England and Jack and I were always arguing. So, we were told we could never make it. But it hasn't happened that way at all. Instead we're growing closer and closer and it's wonderful.

Jack: One of the big things that creates conflict is you can be in a group that's very good but the group isn't making it. That's what happened with Graham Bond. We had worked for years and it was the best thing happening in England at the time. But we were never successful. So that created an awful lot of conflicts among the members of the band.

HP: Did you enjoy your experience with John Mayall?

Jack: Yes. It was short but quite nice. It was very relaxing.

Ginger: I've played with Mayall too. He sat in with a number of bands I was connected with. I've never worked for him though.

Jack: The only two people Mayall didn't fire from his band were Eric and me. I started with Mayall when Eric was on his world tour which never got as far as Greece. His car broke down or something. Eric rejoined Mayall and I left shortly after that. Eric and I had a thing going then. It was just as good but in a different way.

HP: How free can your music get? Ginger: As free as we want.

HP: Do people dance to your music? Jack: Yes they do. I don't dance very much myself but if I did I'd want to dance to our music. If you

Ginger: There's too much rhythm in all of us for that to happen.

Jack: It could happen if we got interested in non-human rhythms. I'm very interested in sounds of bird song and even things like snow falling. Everything in nature has a rhythmic order. The rhythm of man is the only one we really know. I imagine people could dance to that as well. With Cream though, the rhythm will always be there.

Ginger: As far as I'm concerned there are modulations in time that are similar to harmonic modulations. You can go from one time to another time. For instance, Indian tabla players go all over the place yet it's still rhythmic. Essentially I play the drums, so I play to Jack and Eric. I rhythmically compliment what they are playing. But with those two it's not a limitation, it's a pleasure. I've never been so happy in my life. My health is a lot better for it too.

HP: How would you say Clapton handles freedom?

Ginger: He's going wild. He's still very melodic, however, and getting into time as well. We're all very close on time and it's often frightening how we fall into the changes.

HP: Could you become as free as some of the modern jazz groups who often are completely unrhythmic?

Ginger: I think we're freer than most of them but that "unrhythmic" thing is a misinterpretation of where it's at. Both Jack and myself have played in a lot of jazz groups - all kinds of jazz. If

HP: Do you think you could bring this freedom to the Cream?

Jack: What we're doing with the Cream is different. We're finding our own values. We just want to be us. It's a three-part thing and we're all learning from each other.

Ginger: Whatever happens is spontaneous. On stage anything could happen. If one of us plays something it will suggest something to one of the others.

HP: Did either of you ever play so badly that you were embarrassed?

Ginger: We'd be the only ones that knew it.

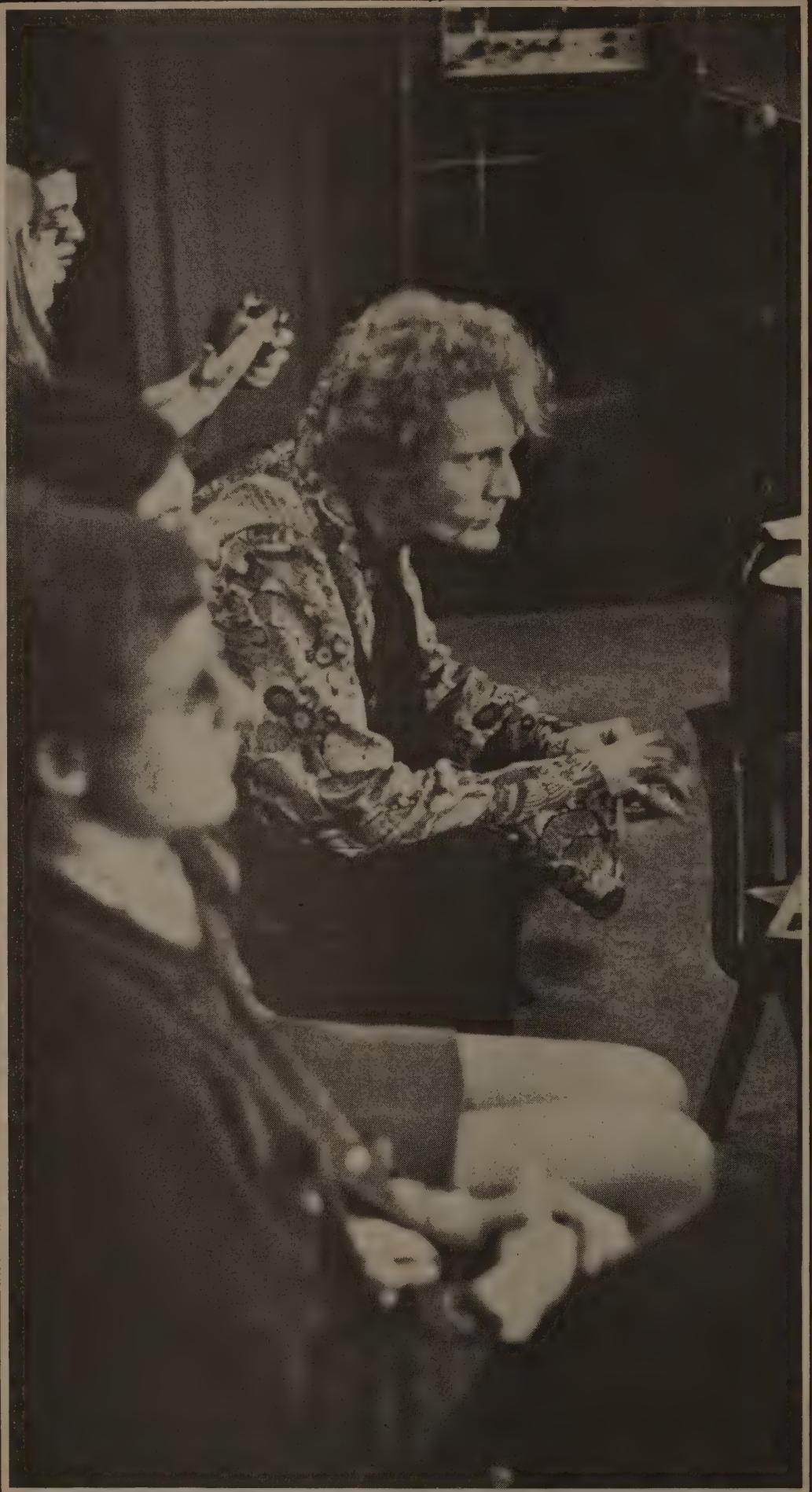
Jack: A musician has a lowest standard that he could reach. It's a personal standard and if he isn't feeling right he'll hit it. But it shouldn't be so bad that the audience could hear it. As a group we have a level which is our lowest and we never go below that. With us the sky is the limit as well.

HP: Could you be specific about the lowest?

Jack: It's good but it's not creative. We won't let it stop swinging so we lose the audience. Of course, it won't stimulate us as a group.

Ginger: Sometimes when we have a bad night we get forced into cliches. We've all got original cliches that we fall back on during bad moments.

Jack: You don't always feel like playing but you should never be such a drag that nobody wants to listen.



HP: Could you describe your emotional feelings during high points of music?

Ginger: This happens to us quite often. It feels as though I'm not playing my instrument, something else is playing it and that same thing is playing all three of our instruments. That's what I mean when I say it's frightening sometimes. Maybe we'll all play the same phrase out of nowhere. It happens very often with us. It must be like ESP.

Jack: The more we play, the more it happens.

HP: Isn't it difficult to make this happen in a recording studio?

Jack: It is, but it's been happening to us lately. To feel comfortable in the studio means everything. Everybody in the studio knows our music and we know them now.

HP: Eric mentioned that he liked the creative atmosphere in America much more than in England. Do you feel that way?

Jack: Yes, I do. The American audience is far ahead of any other. America is where this music started. So, the people have heard a lot of it. You've grown up with it first-hand. The Europeans have had second-hand experience through records and cover groups.

Ginger: If we play something here that we know is good, we get an audible reaction from the audience. It's an excellent stimulant and it inspires us. It's terrible to play something good and have it fall on deaf ears.

Jack: Audiences all over the world are becoming liberated. We've been around quite a bit and enjoyed many of the audiences especially in Scandinavia, we could hear a pin drop in the audience. It was as though they were listening to a symphony orchestra. But to be accepted by an American audience is really the thing because we've always had so much respect for the music that's come from America. For me personally it's ten times better than being accepted at home.

HP: What do you think would happen if you didn't have the gigantic sound from electricity?

Jack: We'd have the same standards but we'd accomplish a different thing.

Ginger: Quite often when we're alone, we play the same things on acoustic instruments.

Jack: Also on our new album, we'll have some things that aren't electronic.

HP: Why is there such a love for electric loudness?

Jack: When you're in the audience,

you can feel the vibrations of a loud band as well as hear them.

HP: Do you think it's true that this kind of loudness is damaging to the ear?

Jack: Some doctors have done experiments with loud music and discovered that if you're subjected to it, your ears automatically shut off. The ear won't let certain sounds go through. Otherwise I suppose your ear would be damaged.

HP: Do you think that the musicians are getting ear damage?

Jack: Ginger or I don't have any ear problems. It's probably because the ear automatically shuts out the damaging sounds. We still play loud but not as loud as we did in the beginning.

HP: When do you think loudness in and of itself started to get popular?

Ginger: I've had that problem all my life. Even when I played jazz, I was too loud. They used to call me a rock drummer. Eric had always been loud and even when Jack was playing string bass, he was the loudest string bass player I ever heard. He used to cut his fingers to the bone sometimes.

Jack: I think that the manufacturers have been making bigger amplifiers and everybody's playing them and the audiences have accepted it. If you have a big amp and a lot of speakers, you can get a beautiful sound playing at normal volume.

Ginger: It takes time to get used to the acoustics of the different places when you're on the road. Some places the amps have to be turned full up and others you have to turn them way down.

HP: Do you think you'll ever want to add other musicians to the Cream?

Ginger: Now we're comfortable as a trio. If we stop progressing, we might think about other members. If we got too many people in it, we'd get cacophony.

Jack: If we had another guitar, for instance, we'd become very limited because Eric plays so much by himself. If we got an organ, we'd have harmonic things which is not our music. Our music is lines and counterpoint. Harmonic changes would limit us incredibly. On records we'll do anything we want. Maybe a symphony orchestra playing backwards, but on stage this is the most creative situation we could ask for. There's something to the number three. Classical Indian music has used that line-up for hundreds of years. □

jim delehant



THE JOYFUL DISCOVERY OF ROCK!

The music called rock is the most vital, valid and interesting music of our time. Until recently I doubted this proposition and perhaps feared the ridicule of some friends, but now the evidence is all in its favor.

"The Agony Of Modern Music," written in 1955 by Henry Pleasance, begins: "Serious music is a dead art. The vein which for three hundred years offered a seemingly inexhaustible yield of beautiful music has run out. What we know as modern music is the noise made by deluded speculators picking through the slagpile."

Pleasance thought the relevant evolution was in American popular music and jazz, despite the conventional notion that "serious" music is by definition superior to all others. Since then jazz has begun to suffer many of the same communication problems. It is fast becoming just as snobbish and inbred - nothing if not serious. "Serious" music continues to be composed, performed, listened to and discussed by an element of society which refuses to recognize its own isolation. New music which cannot excite the enthusiastic response of the lay listener has no claim to his indulgence, because, contrary to popular belief, all music which now survives in the standard repertoire was popular in its own time. Modern "serious" music is attempting to perpetuate a European musical tradition whose technical resources are worn out. Serious musicians cannot break from this tradition without renouncing the special status they enjoy, and are therefore in serious trouble.

Paul Hindemith stated the problem: "Our modern music, compared with the music of earlier times, has reached a very high level of complexity. An in-

dividual composer, aware of this fact, usually wants to contribute his share to the presumed progress of music, and thereupon he adds complications of his own - complications of technique which will eventually fracture the framework set up by the physical condition of style which, in their ultimate esoteric loneliness, are bound to reach the borderline of unintelligible enigmas."

Elvis Presley, the Everly Brothers and people like them brought Negro music ("soul") out from underground when their white versions hit the big charts in the fifties. Then Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, Ray Charles and, recently, the late Otis Redding were allowed to emerge from the ranks of the invisible. The Rolling Stones, the Beatles and others made no secret of their admiration for soul music; they stole from it. The old story: white kids appropriating colored kids' dances. But this was different. They added on to it; rebuilt, remodeled and repainted it to the point where the original foundation is disappearing. Now Jimi Hendrix has turned it around by taking the white electronic/psychedelic superstructure and building his own super-soul penthouse on top.

Folk rock, raga rock, baroque rock, Bach rock, jazz rock - popular music is no longer simple. A troubadour (Donovan), an Indian (Ravi Shankar), and a poet (Leonard Cohen), have all become pop stars. Very strange.

While "serious" composers sweat over their computers and "chance" music, while jazzmen pontificate about exotic time signatures and ethnic combinations, the Beatles, without artistic fanfare, make millions out of "All You Need Is Love" in 7/4 time and "Good Morning, Good

Morning" in 5/4, make the sitar a standard sound on radio and make it possible for someone like James Guercio to include an "electronic collage" in the teenybopper hit "Susan."

Rock is verbal, tuneful, visual, rhythmic and communicative - a combination which is putting everybody else out of business. The beat, the dancing, is the key. (In France, rock is called "beat.") Harmonic, melodic or verbal sophistication wouldn't sell without that simple-minded physical pulse on the bottom. One. One. One. As long as that's there, anything else goes. Put Bach, Stravinsky, John Coltrane or T.S. Eliot above it and millions listen. But with increasing sophistication, more adventurous, more subjective and closer to that "borderline of unintelligible enigmas."

The repeated "one" is becoming four, five, seven or is even getting free of time. Drummers are playing more complicated breaks. Guitarists stretch further away from the melody and tonality. Electronic interludes are getting longer and further out. Pop music may even have given birth to a new medium: music produced solely for recording, as distinct from a live performance as a film is from a stage play. The Beatles' "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" was not the first recording to combine the studio with extended forms and a rock beat - "Pet Sounds" by the Beach Boys has that credit - but it is the most complete and successful. So far, anyway; others are following in droves.

James William Guercio manages, produces, conducts and arranges for a schlock-rock group called the Buckinghams. Under his direction they are getting



RAY

CHUCK



less schlock. But their music is really his, excluding the hits ("Kind Of A Drag," "Susan"), which are banal enough to support it. Guercio was born in Chicago twenty-two years ago. He went to DePauw University hoping to be the leading composer of the 20th century. I always considered that was my function. But when I got into college I discovered the vocabulary wasn't there anymore. There's nothing wrong with rules - it's just a question of where they take you. When Kennedy was killed, I split from school, long hair and all. I'd been playing string bass with the symphony - all my background was legitimate. Completely legitimate, man. I went through college teaching guitar rather than playing pop gigs. I knew nothing about pop music until I left school and went on the road with Dick Clark, backing up almost every act in show business on bass guitar.

"For a while, I thought a lot about jazz, trying to give it some kind of commercial meaning. Sure there's Getz and Miles Davis and all the mechanicals who sell a lot of albums. But there's no center to it, no criteria.

"Let's see....I'm trying to give you a motive - to tell you why I'm involved, why I ended up having to be a manager and a producer. These are exciting times. I see pop music as one of the most constructive forces in our civilization. I think it was Sartre who said that movies would become an art form as soon as the equipment and facilities to make them became available to everybody, as available as pencil and paper. That's what is happening with pop music and that's why I'm involved with it - despite the rotten nature of the business."

As a specific instrument, the bass guitar has probably undergone the greatest evolution of rock itself. First marketed by the Fender Corporation in the fifties, it was a bastard instrument guitar or bass players switched to occasionally. This isn't so easy anymore and with the top groups it is becoming completely impossible. Too much technique is required.

The breaking up of the strict, rhythmic bass line began at Motown in Detroit and Stax/Volt in Memphis when they started mixing the bass at a higher level. It became more exposed and soon more elaborate - horizontal and free. Paul McCartney synthesized it. (The Beatles are milestones in so many ways.) Guercio says: "I learned bass from Beatles' albums. McCartney was the first to really get the lineate bass line in rock together. McCartney did so much; I can't tell you how much he did to change the instrument."

Bob Mosley is recognized as one of the strongest bass guitar players around. He is twenty-five, grew up around California beaches, wears beads and his blonde hair is long. Now he plays with a group called Moby Grape. I told him how I felt about the simple beat being essential, and that the loosening of the bass line, while interesting, could mean a serious loss of audience. He doesn't agree; "Have you seen the new dancing? It's coming right along with the music; getting to be really free-form or - what do you call it - interpretive dancing. As an individual you can pick what you want to follow. You can dance to the bass line, a guitar line, a drum figure or all of them together. Your hands can become the guitar, your head the bass, your feet the



ELVIS



PAUL

JIMI



drums and so on. As the music gets better and more complicated, the dancing will too."

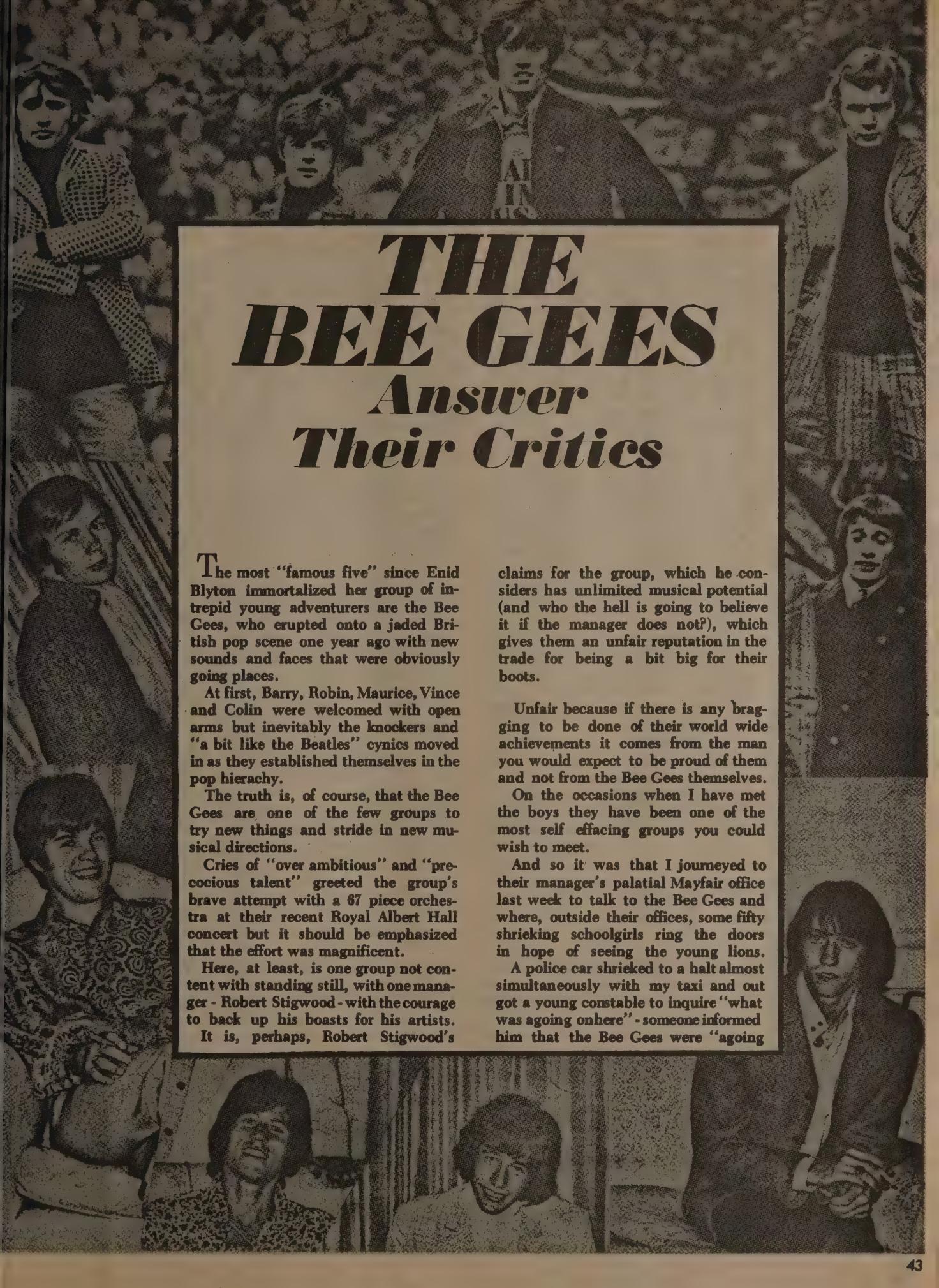
Since talking to Mosley and Guercio, I've spent a lot of time listening to rock records, particularly the Beatles, with the bass turned way up. There's a lot there, a lot I never heard before, even on records with which I'm familiar. On the slow portion of "A Day In The Life," (Sergeant Pepper) for example, McCartney's line moves tastefully, nothing spectacular but going to unexpected places with imagination. It has a lot to do with the general feeling of the piece, although he doesn't club you with it - it is a secondary line after all. In general, McCartney isn't particularly adventurous either harmonically or rhythmically, but his sound is smooth, the level is just right, the musical material perfect for the setting. I consider him artistic.

Since "Sergeant Pepper" was released last spring, other groups have been getting away with electronic collages, ambitious, sometimes pompous, instrumentation and extended forms. Bass guitar players have taken to flying all over their Fenders, filling every available hole and some that aren't there. Excess is not unknown in rock. But the musicianship is certainly improving and the best are getting better. Rock is searching, uneven and often juvenile. But it is not stagnant and it is rarely dull.

Last week the top three albums on Billboard magazine's chart were "Magical Mystery Tour" by the Beatles, The Stones' "Their Satanic Majesties Request," and Bob Dylan's "John Wesley Harding." Any form, (dare I say "art" form?) in which the best is also the most popular has got to be healthy.

Where will it all lead? Probably toward a less physical music, to the concert hall, to the "borderline of unintelligible enigmas." Super stars no longer play their music for dancing and it is, in fact, fast getting less danceable. Even second echelon groups like Moby Grape mostly play concerts. No doubt, we will soon hear a concerto for rock band and symphony orchestra. And then "pop" music may no longer be popular. □ michael zwierin

(This article originally appeared in The New Republic.)



THE BEE GEES

Answer Their Critics

The most "famous five" since Enid Blyton immortalized her group of intrepid young adventurers are the Bee Gees, who erupted onto a jaded British pop scene one year ago with new sounds and faces that were obviously going places.

At first, Barry, Robin, Maurice, Vince and Colin were welcomed with open arms but inevitably the knockers and "a bit like the Beatles" cynics moved in as they established themselves in the pop hierarchy.

The truth is, of course, that the Bee Gees are one of the few groups to try new things and stride in new musical directions.

Cries of "over ambitious" and "precocious talent" greeted the group's brave attempt with a 67 piece orchestra at their recent Royal Albert Hall concert but it should be emphasized that the effort was magnificent.

Here, at least, is one group not content with standing still, with one manager - Robert Stigwood - with the courage to back up his boasts for his artists.

It is, perhaps, Robert Stigwood's

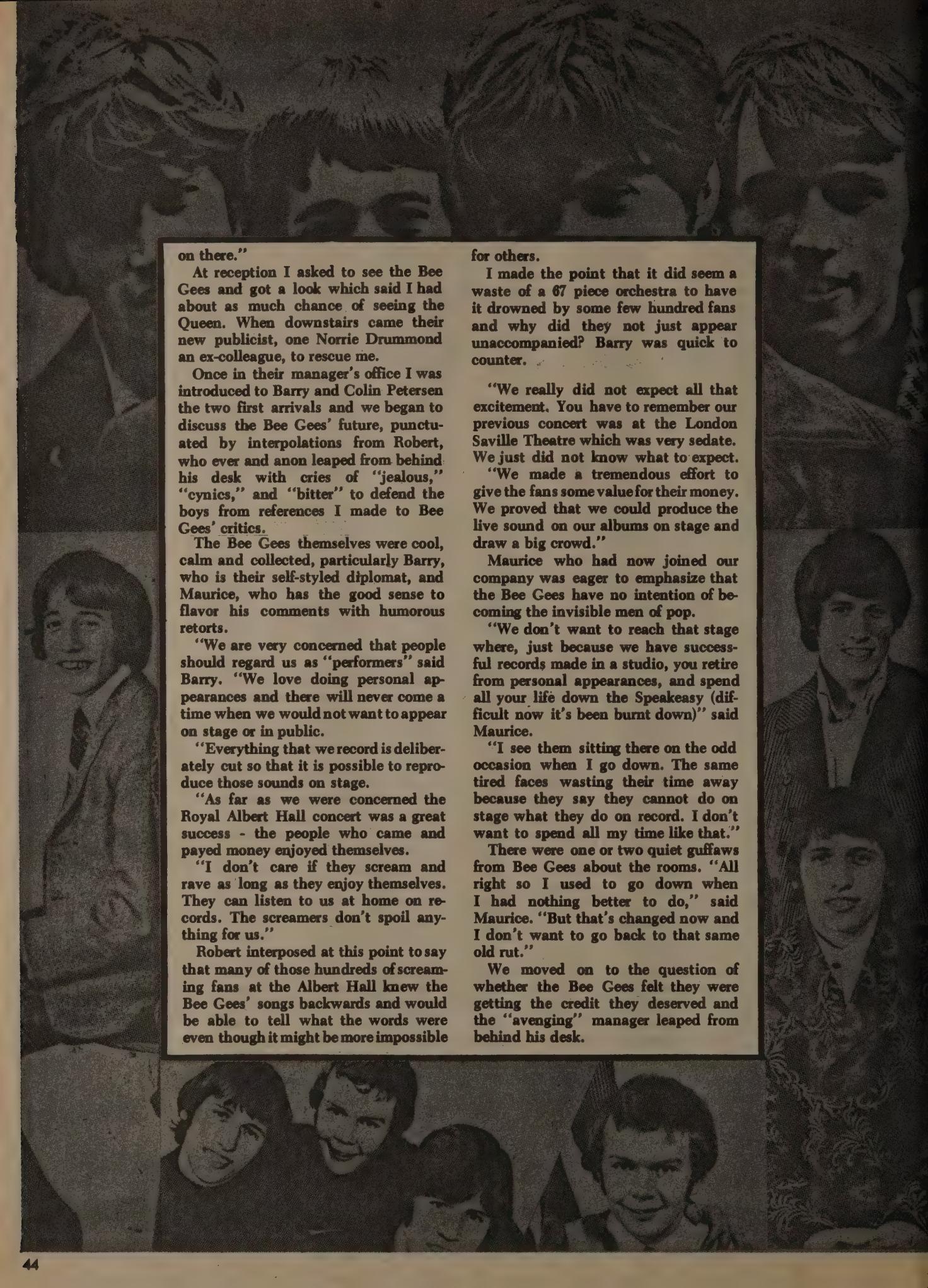
claims for the group, which he considers has unlimited musical potential (and who the hell is going to believe it if the manager does not?), which gives them an unfair reputation in the trade for being a bit big for their boots.

Unfair because if there is any bragging to be done of their world wide achievements it comes from the man you would expect to be proud of them and not from the Bee Gees themselves.

On the occasions when I have met the boys they have been one of the most self effacing groups you could wish to meet.

And so it was that I journeyed to their manager's palatial Mayfair office last week to talk to the Bee Gees and where, outside their offices, some fifty shrieking schoolgirls ring the doors in hope of seeing the young lions.

A police car shrieked to a halt almost simultaneously with my taxi and out got a young constable to inquire "what was agoing onhere" - someone informed him that the Bee Gees were "agoing



on there."

At reception I asked to see the Bee Gees and got a look which said I had about as much chance of seeing the Queen. When downstairs came their new publicist, one Norrie Drummond an ex-colleague, to rescue me.

Once in their manager's office I was introduced to Barry and Colin Petersen the two first arrivals and we began to discuss the Bee Gees' future, punctuated by interpolations from Robert, who ever and anon leaped from behind his desk with cries of "jealous," "cynics," and "bitter" to defend the boys from references I made to Bee Gees' critics.

The Bee Gees themselves were cool, calm and collected, particularly Barry, who is their self-styled diplomat, and Maurice, who has the good sense to flavor his comments with humorous retorts.

"We are very concerned that people should regard us as "performers" said Barry. "We love doing personal appearances and there will never come a time when we would not want to appear on stage or in public.

"Everything that we record is deliberately cut so that it is possible to reproduce those sounds on stage.

"As far as we were concerned the Royal Albert Hall concert was a great success - the people who came and payed money enjoyed themselves.

"I don't care if they scream and rave as long as they enjoy themselves. They can listen to us at home on records. The screamers don't spoil anything for us."

Robert interposed at this point to say that many of those hundreds of screaming fans at the Albert Hall knew the Bee Gees' songs backwards and would be able to tell what the words were even though it might be more impossible

for others.

I made the point that it did seem a waste of a 67 piece orchestra to have it drowned by some few hundred fans and why did they not just appear unaccompanied? Barry was quick to counter.

"We really did not expect all that excitement. You have to remember our previous concert was at the London Saville Theatre which was very sedate. We just did not know what to expect.

"We made a tremendous effort to give the fans some value for their money. We proved that we could produce the live sound on our albums on stage and draw a big crowd."

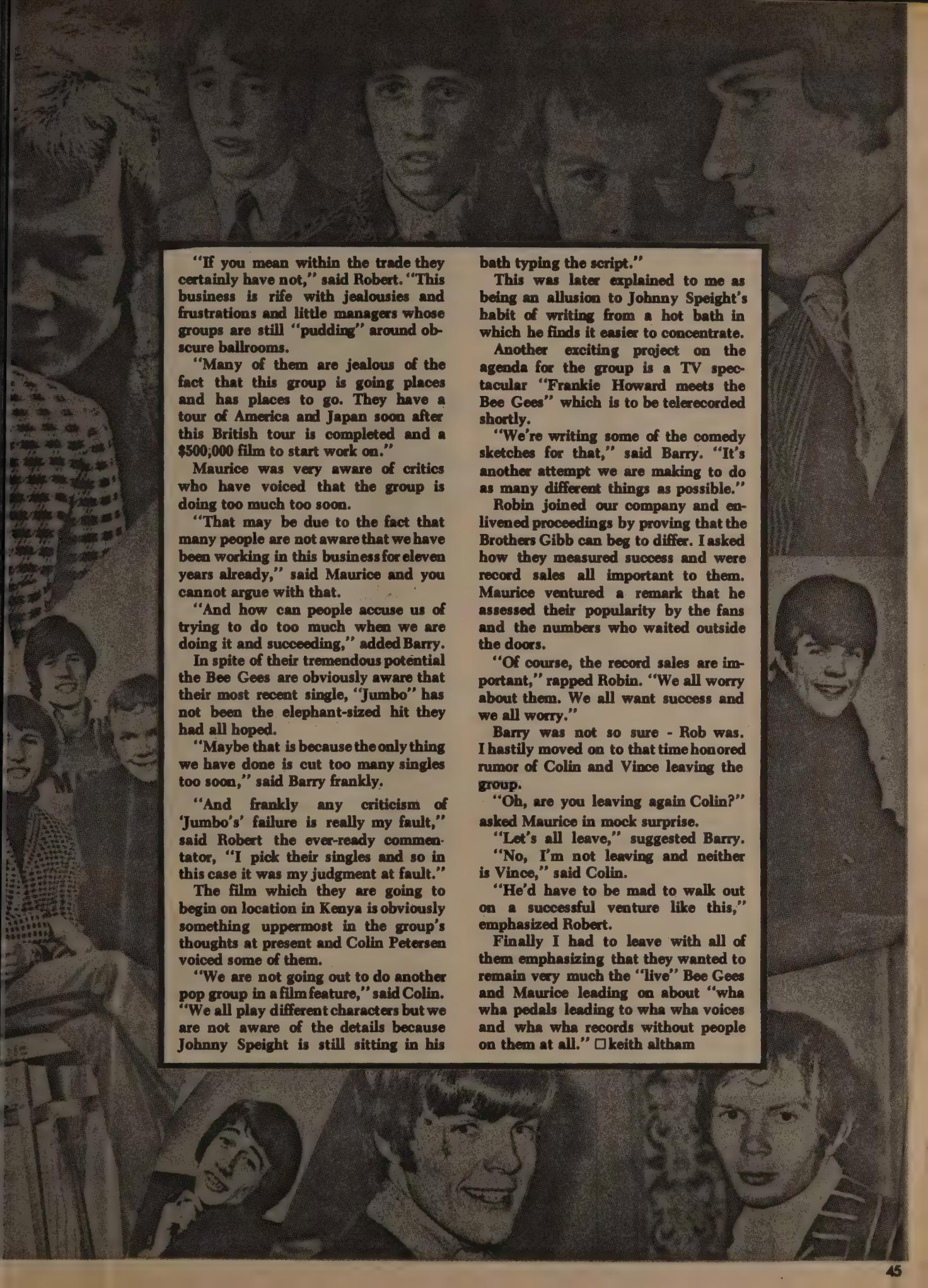
Maurice who had now joined our company was eager to emphasize that the Bee Gees have no intention of becoming the invisible men of pop.

"We don't want to reach that stage where, just because we have successful records made in a studio, you retire from personal appearances, and spend all your life down the Speakeasy (difficult now it's been burnt down)" said Maurice.

"I see them sitting there on the odd occasion when I go down. The same tired faces wasting their time away because they say they cannot do on stage what they do on record. I don't want to spend all my time like that."

There were one or two quiet guffaws from Bee Gees about the rooms. "All right so I used to go down when I had nothing better to do," said Maurice. "But that's changed now and I don't want to go back to that same old rut."

We moved on to the question of whether the Bee Gees felt they were getting the credit they deserved and the "avenging" manager leaped from behind his desk.



"If you mean within the trade they certainly have not," said Robert. "This business is rife with jealousies and frustrations and little managers whose groups are still "pudding" around obscure ballrooms.

"Many of them are jealous of the fact that this group is going places and has places to go. They have a tour of America and Japan soon after this British tour is completed and a \$500,000 film to start work on."

Maurice was very aware of critics who have voiced that the group is doing too much too soon.

"That may be due to the fact that many people are not aware that we have been working in this business for eleven years already," said Maurice and you cannot argue with that.

"And how can people accuse us of trying to do too much when we are doing it and succeeding," added Barry.

In spite of their tremendous potential the Bee Gees are obviously aware that their most recent single, "Jumbo" has not been the elephant-sized hit they had all hoped.

"Maybe that is because the only thing we have done is cut too many singles too soon," said Barry frankly.

"And frankly any criticism of 'Jumbo's' failure is really my fault," said Robert the ever-ready commentator, "I pick their singles and so in this case it was my judgment at fault."

The film which they are going to begin on location in Kenya is obviously something uppermost in the group's thoughts at present and Colin Petersen voiced some of them.

"We are not going out to do another pop group in a film feature," said Colin. "We all play different characters but we are not aware of the details because Johnny Speight is still sitting in his

bath typing the script."

This was later explained to me as being an allusion to Johnny Speight's habit of writing from a hot bath in which he finds it easier to concentrate.

Another exciting project on the agenda for the group is a TV spectacular "Frankie Howard meets the Bee Gees" which is to be telerecorded shortly.

"We're writing some of the comedy sketches for that," said Barry. "It's another attempt we are making to do as many different things as possible."

Robin joined our company and enlivened proceedings by proving that the Brothers Gibb can beg to differ. I asked how they measured success and were record sales all important to them. Maurice ventured a remark that he assessed their popularity by the fans and the numbers who waited outside the doors.

"Of course, the record sales are important," rapped Robin. "We all worry about them. We all want success and we all worry."

Barry was not so sure - Rob was. I hastily moved on to that time honored rumor of Colin and Vince leaving the group.

"Oh, are you leaving again Colin?" asked Maurice in mock surprise.

"Let's all leave," suggested Barry. "No, I'm not leaving and neither is Vince," said Colin.

"He'd have to be mad to walk out on a successful venture like this," emphasized Robert.

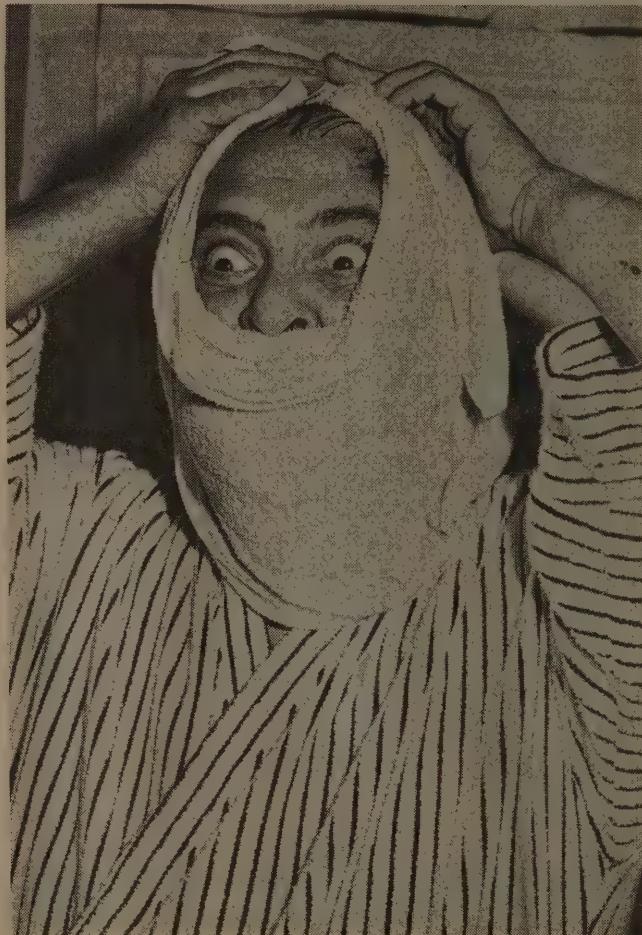
Finally I had to leave with all of them emphasizing that they wanted to remain very much the "live" Bee Gees and Maurice leading on about "wha wha pedals leading to wha wha voices and wha wha records without people on them at all." □ keith altham



granny's gossip

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Now that the *Beatles*, who reflect and/or ride the current attitudes and fads of the younger generation, have dropped the *Maharishi* and drugs for not being the solution to all of life's little mysteries, what will we all be getting into next? John Sebastian is leaving the *Lovin' Spoonful* to work on movie soundtracks, possibly a Broadway show and other ambitious projects. He will also do concerts as a solo artist. Joe Butler, Steve Boone and Jerry Yester will remain together if the single they cut without John, featuring Joe singing lead, is a hit. Otherwise, it's the end of the *Spoonful*. . . . By the way, Zal Yanovsky isn't doing much of anything these days. . . . A round-the-world concert tour for Bob Dylan is in the works. . . . The Beach Boys' tour with the *Maharishi* bombed in many locations and the Guru did a swift vanishing act, leaving behind many unanswered questions and bad vibrations. . . . Procol Harum lead singer Gary Brooker is engaged to a Swiss girl, Francoise Braun. . . . Al Kooper, who organized *Blood, Sweat & Tears*, has become a record producer for Columbia. His first assignment was in London recording American folk singer Tim Rose, who's very big over there. After that, Al went to Los Angeles to produce a session for his friend Mike Bloomfield, who, along with drummer Buddy Miles, left the *Electric Flag*. . . . Can *Blood, Sweat & Tears* make it without Kooper? Will the *Electric Flag* survive Bloomfield's departure? The very respected reputations of both Kooper and Bloomfield got each group launched and both musicians acted as spokesmen for all of their group's major interviews. . . . Stax Records reached the end of their long-term distribution deal with Atlantic and was purchased by Gulf & Western Industries. Stax artists Sam & Dave have switched over to the Atlantic label. . . . Donovan, The Mothers, Pink Floyd and Peter Seeger are among the artists lined up for Germany's first international pop festival in September. . . . Roger Miller accidentally shot himself in the hand while cleaning a gun, forcing the cancellation of a recording session and a visit to Britain. . . . Peter Asher has been signed as a record producer for the Beatles' Apple Corp. I'll tell you more of Apple later on. . . . Englebert Humperdinck's wife is expecting. . . . Simon & Garfunkel recently had 3 LPs in the Top 10, including "Bookends," "The Graduate," and "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary & Thyme" (which has been on the charts for over 1 1/2 years). . . . The Box Tops, currently considered a very hot property in the music business, will soon be switching booking agencies (booking agencies are the people who get rock groups the highest paying jobs). At a huge wall-to-wall party at Arthur in New York, hosted by Bell Records, all the booking agents turned out to meet them. One member of The Box Tops was approached by a very attractive young lady who cooed, with a sexy smile, "There are a lot of fringe benefits if you sign with Acme Booking Agency." (Note: Actual name of the agency has been changed to protect the guilty). The Box Tops signed with an



Person Belgrade

other agency. . . . Here's another true behind the scene incident: A public relations firm worked very hard at getting Traffic established in this country. A few days before Traffic's successful U.S. tour ended, another press agent came along and grabbed the group away. . . .

The Who have begun a nine-week American tour. . . . Herman's Hermits are back for five weeks and in the fall they'll make their first tour of American colleges. . . . The Association, Bobby Goldsboro and Person Belgrade have made promotional tours of England recently. . . . A love letter, allegedly written by Tim Buckley to Lulu, has been reprinted in the *Davy Jones Fan Club of Poland Newsletter - April 1968*. . . . After living in New York for two years, The Mothers returned home to California. Bass player Roy Estrada finally got an opportunity to drive the car he'd been paying for while he was 3,000 miles away. . . . The comments of the guy talking about cars in Frank Zappa's new *LUMPY GRAVY* album are an important sociological document



Traffic



Donovan

on the California and Southern car nuts during the 1950's and 60's. . . . The Yardbirds have been making breaking up noises for the past few months. . . . Here's our Jim Morrison Slice-Of-Life Drama for this month: He tore his cobra skin pants (which took six months to make) shortly before a *Doors* concert. The trousers were rushed to the nearest cobraskin pants repair shop within 60 miles, where a nice little old lady sewed them together, somewhat astonished at the crowd of teenie-boppers who peered through the window, their shiny noses pressed up against the glass. The pants had to be sent back to Morrison under police protection. . . . Steve Stills of the Buffalo Springfield, who are breaking up, has considered joining *The Byrds*, who are a great country rock band. Gram Parsons, former leader of the Graham Parsons International Submarine Band, is now playing electric piano in *The Byrds*. The group sounds really swell. Just the other day I played all six of their albums in a row, then I went to the Fillmore East to catch them in-person. Being a Byrd listener is more fun than being a bird watcher. . . .

except when the birds are blue-eyed blondes. . . . Keep your ears open for *Kensington Market*, a versatile, creative Canadian group produced by *Felix Pappalardi*. . . . Alex Chilton, lead singer in the *Box Tops*, was happy about getting into the press conference *Paul McCartney* and *John Lennon* held in New York. He got through all the security checkpoints outside the conference room by using a press pass given to him by his press agent, who also writes a column for a famous pop music magazine. . . . Alex was delighted with the conference because it was the first one he's ever seen. But for most of the veteran pop music editors and reporters who've been through two or three previous *Beatles* press conferences, it was a drag. *Lennon* and *McCartney* had little to say, the reporters' questions weren't very inspired and nothing happened. A press release explained the details of the *Beatles'* new Apple Corp, Ltd. more comprehensively than the press conference. The large organization intends "to give other artists much wider creative latitude than they have ever enjoyed in the past." Anyone who displays talent in the areas of films, electronics, music or merchandising will be given the opportunity, and the funds, to do their thing. Current projects include a movie based on *John Lennon*'s two books, "*John Lennon In His Own Write*," and "*A Spaniard In The Works*." *Lennon* will adapt his books for both the stage and screen. *The Beatles'* next movie (watch for it one of these years) will be an Apple Production. Apple will build a super-modern, automated recording studio that will fulfill "the needs of young, contemporary artists for a warm sympathetic aura and environment in which to make their music." That's nice. Apple Records has signed several artists; the first Apple album is the movie soundtrack for a British movie, "*Wonder Wall*," the merchandising division handles the two Apple boutiques in London and international franchises; and the achievements of the Electronics Division are being kept a secret for the moment. There's only one thing Apple Corp has to worry about — worms. . . . Edward Simon, younger brother of *Paul Simon* of *Simon & Garfunkel*, has organized a four-piece group, *Guild Light Gauge*, that includes two very pretty young ladies who sing beautifully. . . . *The Fireballs* drove non-stop from their home base in Clovis, New Mexico, to play a four-hour dance at Cornell University on the East Coast, for which they received a rousing reception and an offer of a free ride back to the dorm. They declined, with thanks. . . . *Showcase '68*, the summer replacement for the *Jerry Lewis* show, will feature a different rock group every week. On July 16, the *Box Tops*, who just received their second gold record for "*Cry Like A Baby*," headline the show. . . . *The Wind In The Willows* are a unique seven-piece group that includes two girls, one of whom plays clarinet, oboe, bassoon, flute and chimes. Their first album, on Capitol, is a delight. . . . All the big pop music festivals that were planned for this summer fizzled out. . . . Last year's Monterey Pop Festival called the police in to find the bookkeeper who spent \$52,000 of the festival's money and disappeared. Festival director *Lou Adler* said that \$95,000 of the festival's \$211,000 profit has been donated to charity. A program started by *Paul Simon* in conjunction with New York City received \$50,000 to establish musical workshops in Harlem; \$25,000 was given to the *Sam Cooke* memorial scholarship fund; \$5,000 was given to the Los Angeles Free Medical Clinic, with another \$5,000 pledged; and \$10,000 was pledged to a similar clinic in San Francisco. . . . Fans in London's Royal Albert Hall rioted at a concert given by *Bill Haley and the Comets*, one of the top rock groups of ten years ago. Rock and roll will never die. . . . □

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ATLAS SOUND'S BABY BANSHEE

of guitar tone exactly as the guitarist plays it while still employing the traditional gut (nylon) string. Variations in volume, for instance, are picked up and amplified just the way they are played—based entirely on the amount of pressure used in plucking the strings. The electronic characteristics of this pickup require special amplification considerations which are built into all Baldwin amplifiers.

Removing the restrictions long imposed on the classic guitar because of volume limitations opens up the use of the instrument to many new areas. For the first time the classic guitar is no longer strictly a personal instrument; it now can become an integral part of any number of musical combinations.

Baldwin this year is introducing the Model 801CP, a new lower-priced classic guitar equipped with Prismatone Pickup. The instrument, inspired by traditional Spanish design, incorporates superior construction and fine tonal quality. Suggested retail price is \$199.00.

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Baby Banshee sprays out the vocals with 40 watts of peak power (80 watts when used in pairs, more than 150 watts in fours), which is ample for most entertainment areas. With an eight ohms impedance, frequency response is listed by the manufacturer at 150-14,000 cps.

Sound dispersion and fidelity characteristics are excellent.

Baby Banshee has a built-in, prewired phone jack so that no wiring or soldering to the speaker is ever necessary. The user simply inserts a speaker cable with a two-conductor phone plug; then he's ready to blast off.

It also has a cobra-flare horn, fabricated of unbreakable fiberglass in jet black with a vibrant red re-entrant assembly.

New wrinkle: Baby Banshee comes complete with an adaptor which permits it to be mounted on any microphone stand, thus converting it into a speaker stand. The adapter also slides over both Atlas Sound speaker stands and has an internal female thread which enables it to fit all mike stands.

Carrying a suggested retail list of \$59.95, the Baby Banshee is ticketed for widespread use by thousands of high school and college rock groups.

GUILD SUPERBIRD II

Featuring built-in fuzz-tone, dual range tremolo and reverb, Guild SuperBird II is a new piggy-back amplifier manufactured by Guild Musical Instruments.

SuperBird II packs 170 watts of music power for clubs, theatres, and outdoor set-ups where spectacular sound projection is necessary. Its built-in Fuzz-tone is controlled by the foot switch, along with

Guild's new dual range tremolo and reverb systems. By varying the amplifier and guitar volume controls, the fuzz-tone can be made to produce many different sounds.

Features include two Lansing drivers and a three-position tone switch in each of its dual channels, auxiliary power outlet, auxiliary speaker outlet, humbalance, and a provision for dolly attachment.

List price is \$975.00. SuperBird II may be used with both guitar and organ.

SuperBird II is a big amplifier. The top (amplifier) section is 10" high, 25 1/2" wide, 12 1/2" deep. The speaker enclosure is 37 1/2" high, 29" wide, 12 3/4" deep. Cabinets are made of 3/4" wood and covered in heavy-duty, scuff resistant black vinyl.

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PICTURES I HEAR
(continued from page 35)

feline music, alternating long, exquisitely arched stretches with quick, lethal, triumphant pounces.

When she tries out a larger concept, though, in "The Pirate of Penance," Miss Mitchell's wit proves immature. The title is a particularly bad pun: the song is almost as adolescently Tragickal as "Ode to Billy Joe." Miss Mitchell should understand that a young public which has become accustomed to the savage truth of Bob Dylan's easily-thrown-away humor probably will not sit still for this kind of elaborate, over-dramatic nonsense. The basic problem is probably that Joni Mitchell, like most strongly egotistical people, lacks a sense

of humor; she falls to depths of self-pity and depression in "I Had a King," "Marcie" and "Nathan LaFraneer," and is unable to redeem herself through a sense of the ridiculous. Mitchell's vision of herself as a tragic heroine is quiet clearly presented in "Cactus Tree." Musically, this summing-up of the album evokes something of "Mr. Tambourine Man," but is much more interestingly constructed, with the faultlessly intelligent timing and the 'studied freedom' Joni Mitchell has learned rather too well.

Anyhow, regardless of my slight distaste for her personal view, I cannot deny that, as a pure listening experience, *Song to a Seagull* makes it. Miss Mitchell's voice carries most of the burden and is more than equal to its task. The arrangements are ascetic — the voice ascends. □

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THE EASYBEATS



It has been well over a year since the Easybeats had a hit record and though they are naturally pleased with the British success of "Hello, How Are You," their absence from the charts hasn't meant a serious financial crisis for them.

They have a record production company and are also kept busy writing songs for other people. They have been able to keep personal appearances down to a minimum, so they haven't had the endless round of tiring cross-country jaunts.

"A lot of acts do our numbers and we're writing all the time," said the new drummer Tony Cahill. "The company keeps us hard at it all the time."

Tony, Steve Wright and I were downing what Barry McKenzie would describe as "the old ice cold" in an Aussie pub just off Aldwych. The last time I had been there with Steve, a waitress had tripped and flung curry all over us, so we were being extra watchful this time.

"England doesn't swing," Tony stated suddenly. "That's why we haven't been getting the hits. We like our music to swing. That doesn't mean there's anything wrong with England; it's just that the things we've been doing haven't appealed."

"None of the records in the chart swing...yeah, perhaps 'Lady Madonna' swings. Swing means something up here (he tapped his temple). It probably means one thing to me and another to you."

He and Steve demonstrated for me what they meant by swinging. Their short razzamataz session of tapping

feet, pounding arms and vocal refrain drew a few startled stares from the customers near to us.

"We had made an LP ready for release after we'd had some single hits, but we didn't have any," Steve pointed out with a grin. "So we're re-doing a lot of new numbers that we're writing now. We want our LP to be up to date."

The decision to release "Hello, How Are You" was finally taken by manager Mike Vaughan after four numbers had been recorded. I wondered if issuing a number very unlike their previous songs worried the group.

"Oh no," Steve replied. "We like the song. Obviously we would have preferred it if one of the faster numbers had been a hit, but this one suits us. We wrote it, so we like it."

"I think the reason it took so long to get away was that the deejays all stuck their necks out about our last one. 'The Music Goes Round My Head,' and that was a flop so they weren't prepared to take the risk with this one."

"It was my head on the block when we released this one," Mike admitted. "They'd have strung me up if it hadn't happened."

The lady behind the bar dispensed a few more cold ones and asked Tony if we were a pop group. He said that we weren't, then told me what happens to long hairs down under.

"In Australia, if you've got long hair, you're automatically a poofdah," he began. "If we went out there now with hair like this, we'd last about

three days. Bright clothes annoy them as well."

He indicated Steve's mustard colored jacket and added: "Even with a jacket like that, which is pretty crummy (yell of protest from Steve) they'd start something. It doesn't surprise me when I hear that the Who had trouble out there. They just don't like long hair and groups in general."

"The trouble is Australia is five thousand miles away from any country of importance and they just don't know about these things. We were all drinking and having a fight one day and two cops saw us. They came over and said: 'If you yah-hoos do this again, we'll chuck you over the cliff; we won't warn you.' That's the way they treat young people if they step out of line."

"We made our name in Australia in a fight," said Steve, with much pride. "I think we told you about it. It was in a pub where all the dockers go and they started yelling at us, so instead of ignoring them, we waded in. Nobody argues with dockers....except us, and we all got roughed up."

"They build the pubs with tiles round the walls so that nothing will get broken," Tony put in.

"There are fights in all the pubs every weekend. If you go back to work on Monday morning and haven't been in a fight, you say you've had a bad weekend."

Fortunately, the natives in our pubs were more friendly, even though most of them were Australians. While Tony returned yet again to the bar, Mike revealed how Tony got into the group and of the surprise that was in store for them.

"We've got a great respect for him," he told me. "He hitched across here with all his clothes in his drums. When our drummer was leaving, we auditioned hundreds of new ones. One day Tony asked if he could try. He'd been playing with various Australian groups and he had a good reputation, so we gave him a try."

"When we heard him, he was straight in. We thought he was an Australian, but it turned out that he emigrated there eleven years ago. He was born in Stepney!" □Richard green

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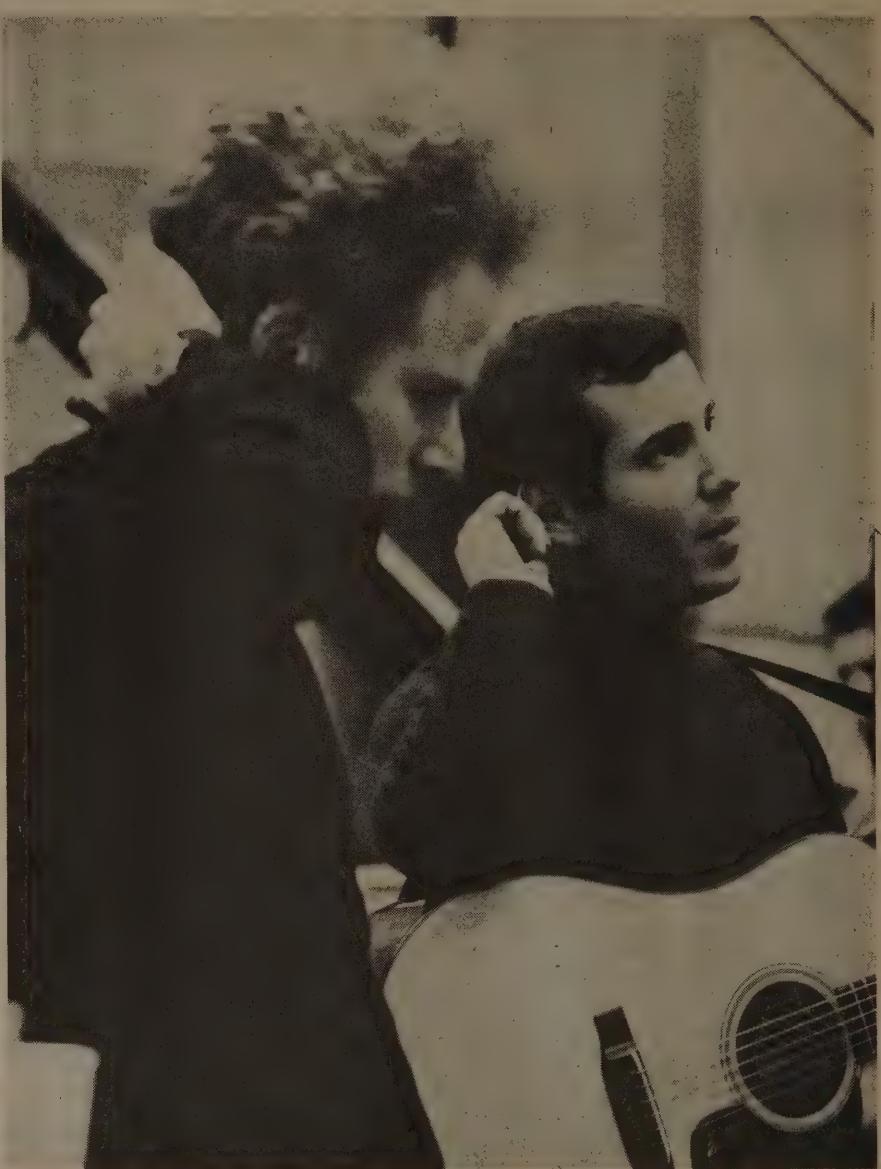
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SIMON AND GARFUNKEL (continued from page 11)



to hope. Their voices sounded surer, Paul Simon's writing was gaining individuality and flexibility, the arrangements were acquiring depth.

He also was demonstrating skills outside of the psycho-sociological genre with numbers such as "Kathy's Song," a moving bit of romanticism, and "We've Got a Groovy Thing Goin'," a lighthearted up-tempo song. The standard folk formula of the first album's "Sparrow" had ripened into "April Come She Will," beautiful and haunting despite its structural parallels to other days-of-the-week, months-of-the-year and year-by-year songs. Only one number faltered, "Somewhere They Can't Find Me," a hokey description of a crime and its aftermath.

Poor Art Garfunkel. I don't seem to have said much about him. He finds comfort more in numbers than in words as a math major at Columbia University, where he is working on a PhD (eventually he wants to teach). Paul

Simon does all the writing, Garfunkel assisting as an arranger and, more important, furnishing the high voice in Simon and Garfunkel records. Simon is quiet and introverted but he seems garrulous compared to Art, who sometimes worries about his role in and importance to the duet. His worries worry Paul, who does not want to lose him, but despite all this worrying they stick together.

"Sounds of Silence" was several times better than its predecessor, but it quickly paled when "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme" was issued in the fall of 1966. It contained two singles, "Homeward Bound" and "The Dangling Conversation," and 10 other numbers, one of which was an effective mixing of "Silent Night" and a simulated radio news broadcast, its message generated by the clashes of the peaceful music and the sordid broadcast.

The poetic intensity of numbers such as "Sounds of Silence" yielded to

subtler, and more effective, methods of statement. The rich harmonies of "Scarborough Fair/Canticle" wove subliminal messages into the lavish medieval fabric of the song. "The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy)" polished the lightheartedness of "We've Got a Groovy Thing Goin'" into infectious perfection, using voices as instruments for wordless joy when the lyrics ran out. "For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her" assaulted the senses with Donovanesque imagery, Simon's most fragile love song. His romanticism also manifested itself in "Flowers Never Bend With the Rainfall," a link to the folky numbers on the first two LPs.

"A Poem on the Underground Wall" darkly sketched the realization of a dark impulse, a sequel to "Sounds of Silence," and "A Simple Desultory Philippic" mocked at the excesses of folk rock with a parody of Bob Dylan ("I dropped my harmonica, Albert," the singer complains at the end of the song, Albert presumably being Albert Grossman, Dylan's manager). With parable and satire and synthesis, Simon revealed his widening literary skills.

But the skills were not merely verbal. Their music was pretty on the first two albums, but in this one Simon began using melodies and arrangements as part of his messaging. He adapted to and conquered the rock instrumentation which before had been foisted on his songs, a victory which has become even more decisive in the electric portions of "Bookends."

All of the songs on "Parsley, Sage" are delightful. Only "7 O'Clock News/Silent Night" does not wear well, but the force of its concept justifies its inclusion. The album has been extravagantly praised by most of the media, though a few rock critics have attacked it and Simon on aesthetic grounds of pandering to the public taste with imitation poetry. He says nothing in clever ways, they claim. There is no real feeling to his writing, they say.

Perhaps they are guiltier of their charges than he.

"Bookends" is a disappointment, the first failure in the geometric progression of quality between albums one, two and three. Its bright spots, however, maintain that progression. "Making It" is the most modern link in Paul Simon's conquest of rock music. Melodically, it is a cyclical song, ending in the same strange bright chuffing sound with which it begins, an effect which sounds like part of the finish of the Beatles' "All You Need Is Love." Production on the cut is worthy of a Beatles song. "Mrs. Robinson" uses elliptical lyrics to create an eerie vision of a frightened lady and her country. "At the Zoo" is a funny strange little

allegory (they had planned to promote the single by giving away copies of the record at a zoo but the idea was scuttled by a zoo official who thought the song was an attack on animals).

"Punky's Dilemma" is a piece of the same insane humor and probably gave the Beatles the idea for the "Sitting on a cornflake" line in "I Am the Walrus" since it was written long before the Beatles release. And "America" is great, progressing in subtle steps from hopefulness to despair with a folksy excursion into the narrator's Saginaw, Michigan, past.

Paul Simon has recorded 36 songs with Art Garfunkel in his four-year public career. One of those 36 tunes—"You Don't Know Where Your Interest Lies," the flip side of "Making It"—has yet to be issued on an album. They have eight hit single records, five albums (one of which doesn't count as an original LP), during those four years.

The quantity of his output is not overwhelming. In many ways he is the J.D. Salinger of pop music, a gifted writer who works slowly. The parallel holds up in other areas also. Both are involved in alienation ("Catcher in the Rye": "A Poem on the Underground Wall"), lack of communication ("A Perfect Day for Bananafish": "Sounds of Silence") and on through areas such as the abrasion between society and youth and sensitivity. Salinger still writes in the shadow of a novel which has been succeeded only by several long short stories. Simon still writes in the shadow of "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme."

The release dates of Simon and Garfunkel's four albums indicate the effort which Paul has expended in his later work. "Wednesday Morning, 3 a.m." came out in the summer of 1964. "Sounds of Silence" followed in late 1965. "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme" was issued in the fall of 1966. "Bookends" was released in the spring of 1968.

Last summer, Simon said that the fourth album might be their last. "I don't believe in succeeding in something over a long time," he remarked. He has wanted to write a novel for a long time, a project he was about to undertake in England when "Sounds of Silence" happened.

Now, however, they are more successful than ever before, thanks to the exposure of their music to "The Graduate" audiences. Three of their albums — "The Graduate," "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme" and "Bookends" — made the national Top 10 simultaneously, all earning certification as gold LPs.

Perhaps he has changed his mind. □
pete johnson

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ELVIS TO TOM JONES ‘YOU Are GREAT!’

They're still talking about the explosive night America's most legendary pop singer, Elvis Presley, came to see the world's new super star, Britain's Tom Jones.

Presley didn't sneak into a seat at the back of the room when the lights were down and slip away unnoticed at the end of the performance. He didn't even happen to be in the area at the time.

He travelled nearly four hundred miles from Los Angeles, walked to a table directly in front of the stage before the show started and, when the lights were still up, reacted just like the rest of the audience at Tom's explosive act and stood up at the end to lead the audience in a standing ovation.

Then he went backstage to tell Jones: "Man, you are the greatest," at the outset of an hour's chat between the world's two leading solo figures in pop.

I was there when the Beatles met

Elvis nearly three years ago. But believe me that tense evening when the Liverpool four were guests at the American's Bel Air home had nothing on this historic night when Presley joined the legion of U.S. stars who flocked here to see the man all Britian should be proud of.

Tom Jones is the first British star Presley has been to see work and it was obvious from the conversation afterwards that the visit was no accident.

The first we knew of it was on the Saturday afternoon, when his right-hand man Joe Esposito telephoned me to ask if he could get a table for ten in Elvis's name for the midnight show. It wasn't easy - reservations for Jones' show are like gold dust.

Extra tables and chairs were placed in the room to allow for the bulge.

At fifteen minutes to midnight Elvis, his wife Priscilla and eight of their friends

walked through the casino of the Flamingo hotel to the lounge and took their ringside seats.

I told Tom, who was still in his suite at the top of the building. "Great," he said almost casually, for nothing can excite or daunt him before a performance, "invite him round afterwards, I'd like to see him again."

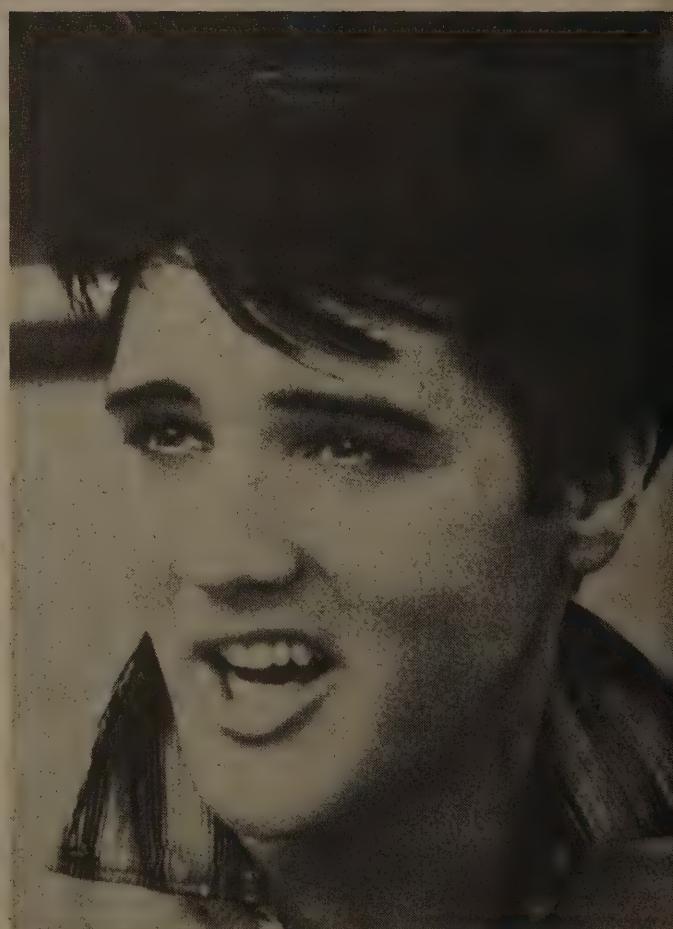
The two had met fleetingly less than three years ago when Tom visited Presley on a Hollywood film set under much different circumstances.

Meanwhile, back in the lounge, the air buzzed with excitement. Presley's presence, added to the anticipation of Jones' performance, made promise of an extra sensational night.

Tom stepped on to the stage to a tremendous reception and sang his opening numbers. From the "off" it was obvious that he was enjoying this show even more than most.

But it was in the first really up-tempo number "Don't Fight It" that the action started and Jones and body slammed into action. I could see Presley slapping the table and waving his head in time with the strong beat. Several times during the song he turned to comment to Priscilla, a broad smile on his face.

Later in the act, Tom announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have in the audience tonight a man I have admired for many years, Mr. Elvis Presley."



The audience cheered and clapped as Elvis stood up to wave and take a bow. Then Tom said jokingly from the stage: "Okay, that's enough - sit down," and everyone, including Elvis, laughed. Seconds later there was silence as Tom began the big ballad of his act "Danny Boy."

Everyone was cheering wildly as Tom sang his closing number "It's Not Unusual" and he returned to the stage to encore with "Land Of A Thousand Dances," the wildest number he performs.

Women screamed their delight and men cheered as he gyrated from one side of the stage to the other. As the number reached its climax Presley stood up applauding and the rest of the audience got to its feet with him.

When the curtains had closed the atmosphere was electric. Elvis and his party made their way to the stage door entrance and I took them through to meet Tom who was still changing from his stage suit soaked in sweat.

Presley shook Tom's hand in both of his and offered his praise and congratulations. Then he introduced his wife with the words "Priscilla is a big Tom Jones fan" and he added, chuckling, "but I told her to cool it tonight."

Priscilla told Tom: "I love your album "Tom Jones Live At The Talk Of The Town!'"

"Thank you," replied Tom. "We had a lot of fun making it."

"Say Tom," cut in Elvis, "You know, we should do a show together at either end of the stage with the Beatles, backing us up in the middle."

"What's wrong with the Squires and the Jordanaires?" quipped Tom.

The room by now was packed with the entourages of the two stars so Tom and Elvis moved into the smaller dressing room adjoining.

"You've lost a lot of weight," Tom told Elvis.

"Too right I have, I'm on what they call a drinking man's diet," replied Elvis, adding, "I put it on across the cheeks." "With me it's under the chin," said Tom.

Then they discussed songwriter Jerry Reed whose "Guitar Man" was Elvis's recent hit. "Glad you had a hit with that," said Tom. "I published the song in Britain through my company, Valley Music."

"That 'Delilah' is a great record, Tom - I see it was a smash in Britain," said Elvis.

"Yes, but I don't know whether it will make the top here, it's still in the thirties," replied Tom to which Elvis remarked: "Man, I want to make a prediction - it'll be a smash here, too."

Presley talked frankly about the only cabaret he ever did in Vegas: "I was at the Frontier Hotel about ten years ago

and I died a terrible death. When I came out with those hip movements (and here we had a demonstration of the way Elvis moved in his early days) - man - they just weren't ready for me."

Then Presley told Tom a touching story: "When your record 'Green Green Grass Of Home' was issued here, the boys and I were on the road driving in our mobile home. Man, that record meant so much to us boys from Memphis we just sat there and cried."

"Then we called the radio station and asked them to play it again - they did, four times. We just sat there and sobbed our hearts out."

Later, when it was time for the Presleys to go, Tom and I accompanied them via a rear exit to their car - an enormous long, low black Cadillac with darkened windows and a mass of aerials.

"You see all these aerials?" said Elvis. "Well, they don't mean a thing - they ain't connected to nothing."

Moments later the two stars had parted company and the most memorable meeting in the history of pop was over. It was an evening during which Elvis let his hair down, openly enjoying the Jones performance, and later talking openly backstage as he surprisingly joined Tom for a cigar and champagne.

But when you know Tom Jones you know a man in whose company you can't fail to be like that. □ chris hutchins



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Alan Price growls. He growls "I put a spell on you," not screaming it the way Screaming Jay Hawkins, maniacal giggles and all, once screamed it, but growling it the way Growling Alan Price should growl a song.

Alan Price moans. He moans "Everyone's got something/ They're out trying to get some more," not the slurring Ray Charles-without-the-range of Randy Newman, singing "Living Without You," but the moaning way that Moaning Alan Price should moan a song.

Alan Price laughs. He laughs about "Simon Smith and His Amazing Dancing Bear," without the cloying cuteness of the Harper's Bizarre version of the song, but laughing the way that Laughing Alan Price should laugh a song.

There is a sad scene in "Don't Look Back," the documentary film of Bob Dylan's 1965 English tour, in which Alan Price is banging out some Herman's Hermits numbers on the piano, when Dylan asks Price whether he is still playing with the Animals. "No, you know how it is," he answers. "That's the way it is. It just happens, you know." Then Price scrabbles for matches to light a cigarette and opens a beer bottle on the piano, a study in restless frustration.

Alan Price was the organist on "House of the Rising Sun," and contributed brilliant keyboard work and back-up vocals on all the Animals' early hits. He collaborated with Eric Burdon in writing many of the group's original songs. But Price was too good to accept the emergence of Burdon's ego, and when the group became Eric Burdon and the Animals, Price became Alan Price, no longer a zoological nonentity.

First he formed the Alan Price Set, then abandoned the combo concept to become simply Alan Price, the billing he uses on his first American LP, "This Price Is Right" (Parrot PAS 71018). It is a great album, so great that I have worn out one copy and my second one is starting to hiss, an index of enjoyment, which has afflicted too few of my records, in this golden age of pop achievement.

There are 12 songs on the album, one dozen well-chosen pictures of Price in various poses, from the urging powerful bluesman who wails "I Put A Spell On You," to the old-young innocent who masks his grief with gaily-sung lies in "So Long Dad," to the hard rock vocalist warning "Don't Do That Again." All of the songs deserve inclusion, a statement I could not honestly make of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" or any single album by the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan or a host of other heavyweight artists. All have songs I can do without after a couple of listenings.

Four of the numbers — "The House That Jack Built," "She's Got Another Pair of Shoes," "Shame," and "Don't Do That Again" — were written by Price.

Five — "So Long Dad," "Bet No One Ever Hurt This Bad," "Simon Smith and His Amazing Dancing Bear," "Biggest Night of Her Life" and "Living Without You" — are the products of Randy Newman's skillful pen. The other three are "I Put a Spell on You," "On This Side of Goodbye" and "Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo."

The material spans tears and laughter, depression and exhilaration, sanity and madness, cold philosophy and warm emotion. It is a circus of songs with Alan Price flipping from ring to ring. His voice is perfectly coupled to his imagination, and his imagination couples itself perfectly to every nuance of each number.

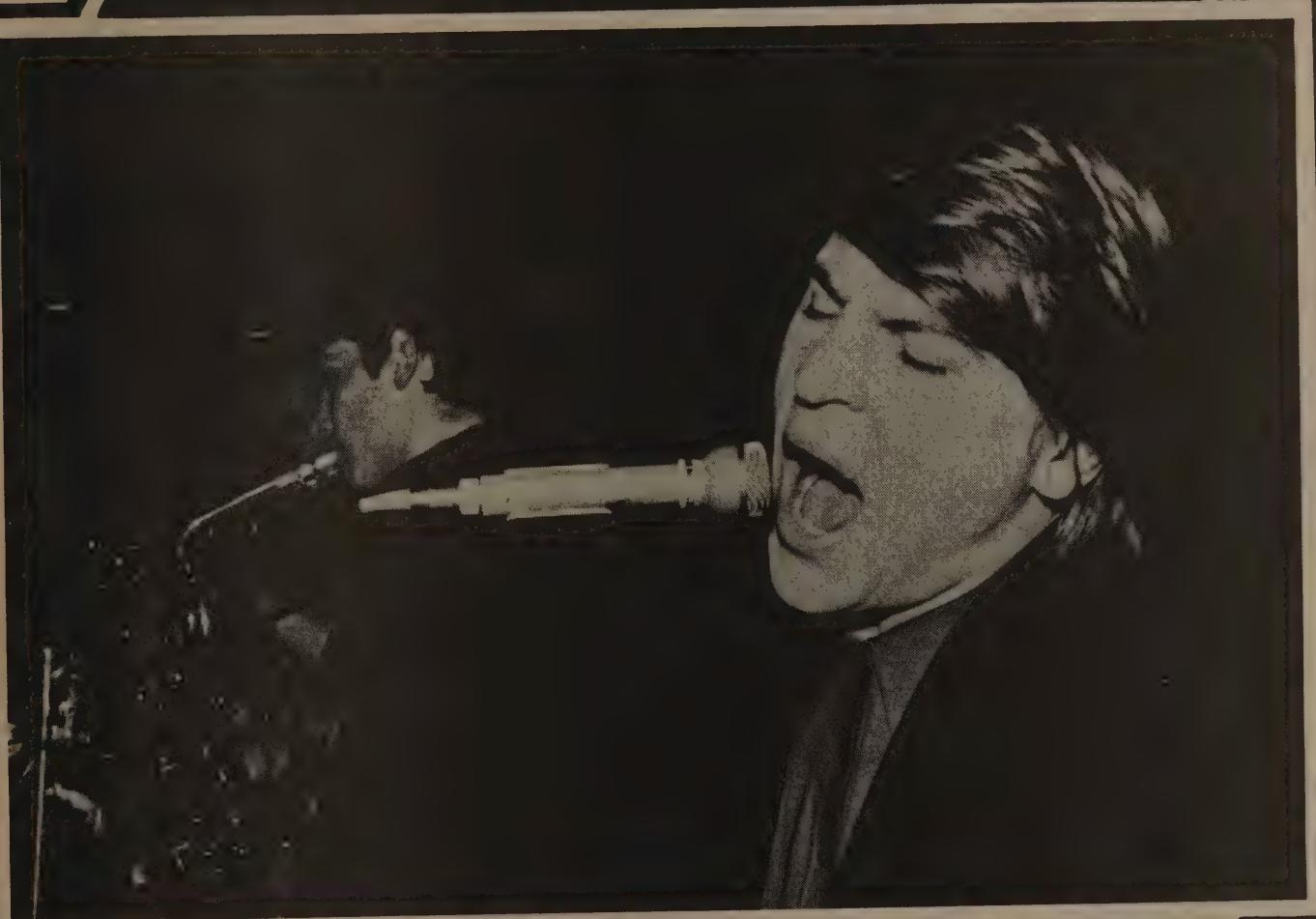
One of the primary joys of the album is that it is an unpretentious collection of rock songs by a rock artist. This is not to demean his vocal abilities or the content and structure of his material, but it is so nice to find an LP with fresh ideas which does not use one sitar, has no control board manipulation of vocals, and contains no 10-minute demonstrations of how many different ways an electric guitar can be amplified. It is a record built from feeling rather than slick demonstrations of proficiency, and the feelings give it the same kind of natural excitement which has always been the main strength of good rock music.

Alan Price produced the album, another indication of his talent (surely far more ability than Eric Burdon has ever manifested), and arranged it with the help of Ivor Raymonde and Mike Leander. The arrangements are quite good, as flexible as the content of the songs and the sound of Price's singing. "The House That Jack Built" could be taken apart to make at least two songs, and contains two curious little speeded up sax solos which offer a funny contrast to the rest of the number. "I Put a Spell on You" starts slow, revving up into a driving Jimmy Smith-like organ finish over which Price's powerful shouts develop a good gospel music feeling. "Simon Smith" is spiced with a bit of Charleston music. "Living Without You" is backed only by a piano, making a stark, pretty frame which focuses attention on the lyrics.

The former-organist for the Animals is doing all right for himself. He has had several hits on the British charts, some of which are included in this LP. The album deserves more attention than it has received from radio stations and periodicals in the several months since its release.

If Price maintains the course he has set in this record, his impact here is inevitable. There are few good rock vocalists, a deficiency which is becoming increasingly evident in the welter of white blues bands springing up across the country. Alan Price is one of those few. □pete johnson

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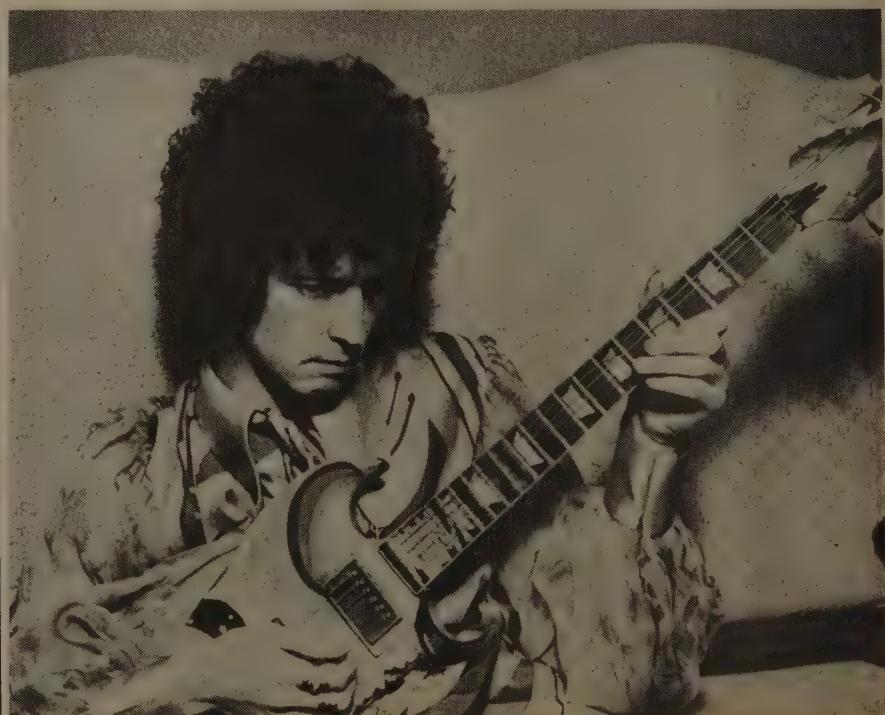
by Eric Clapton

The first one that comes to mind is the B.B. King 'Live' at the Regal, firstly because everything's so beautifully recorded that it's hard to believe that it's a live LP, and then because it's the best I've ever heard. I've got a lot of his LPs and on most of them, while some of the tracks can knock you out, the others can be quite bad. On this one every track is beautiful and he takes long solos and it's perfect!

Then an Indian record, Bismillah Khan playing the shehnai. On most of the periods of improvisation you can imagine that it is an American Negro playing because the feeling is so akin. I like this because the instrument itself is very

admirable and when it's played really well then it's something else. I like this particular sort of instrument much more than the sitar because it is close to the blues with its incredible sort of lilt. It also can be very sweet or when it wants to be, aggressive. The other Indian instruments are more rigid, even Ravi Shankar who is a great improviser is still limited by his sitar out of which you can only really get one kind of sound and can't play that much louder. The tone values are very strict but with the shehnai, Bismillah Khan does things like sliding from the end of a very high improvised passage to about three octaves below which I've never heard done on any other instrument.

The Best of Elmore James has got the best tracks he ever made on it and he is more astounding the more you listen. Most people who listen to him think he is very limited because he seems to play the same phrases all the time but in actual fact he plays a similar thing all the time but it always has that slight inflection that's just a little bit different. And he's got this beautiful voice, it's very deep and when you listen to it you think Man, he's singing in a low key! But when you try to sing along with him you realize that he's way up there and the power of his voice is confusing. All these tracks are very old and they sort of represent a great part of the blues period for me. And then The Best of Muddy Waters which is a classic. I don't know what you can say about that, except that I sometimes wish that they'd kept the tracks to the same period with the quality of Long Distance Call. I much prefer him when he's alone with Little Walter because he's something else. But then Muddy is something else anyway. □





WILLIE DIXON
by Jim Delehart

Willie Dixon was born in Vicksburg, Mississippi in 1915. He came to Chicago in 1935 out of curiosity and the hope of making a better living. "I came up the Mississippi on a steamboat called the Capitol Excursion. It went back and forth between all the cities on the river. I



Willie Dixon

hoboed my way to New Orleans and got a job as a deck hand on the Capitol. I went as far as St. Paul and back again. Finally, I decided to go through Illinois and live in Chicago.

"I've loved music all my life. Before I came north, I sang bass with a spiritual group called the Union Jubilee Singers. We'd hit all the churches throughout the south.

When I came to Chicago, I became a boxer. In 1937, I won the Golden Gloves in the novice division. I used to be connected with the Savoy gymnasium on the southside. I ran around for a while training with some of the big fighters. But I quit that to play music.

My sister had been in Chicago for years. She came up after her high school graduation and met a fellow and got married. She was doing better than us because she always sent us some money to help take care of us. I was young and I figured Chicago was the best place to go.

In 1935, when I came to Chicago, there wasn't any big recording company there. There were lots of blues records around though on 12 inch records. I remember records by Roosevelt Sykes and Victoria Spivey.

I moved in with my sister and got a job at an ink company. Then in my spare time I did some boxing.

Guys used to come in the gymnasium and hang around and they'd sing and play something just to pass the time. I got in there and sang bass. This Baby Duke Kastin came in and he played guitar at the time. He invited me to come out and sing with him. We strolled up and down Madison St. just singing. I'd sing the bass part and pass around the hat. We made some pretty good change. Later, we formed a group called the Big 3 Trio.

When I'd come off the road with the Big 3 Trio, I'd play bass with Muddy Waters and Robert Night Hawk on recording sessions and jams. Muddy was already on Chess then. One of the first things I gave Muddy was "Hoochie Coochie Man." I played bass on that and most of his early stuff.

Even when I was with the Big 3, I wrote songs for those blues guys. Early 1950, I joined Chess as a producer. I got groups together and helped arrange material and played bass on a lot of stuff. My first production experience was with the Big 3. I took "You Sure Look Good To Me," a song Art Tatum and Joe Turner did a long time ago, and put three part harmony on it and made it more of a blues. We recorded that and did another one called "Lonely Roaming." We did several other things for Bullet and Columbia.

When I came to Chess, I knew how to handle production things. I do lots of things with Wolf too." □

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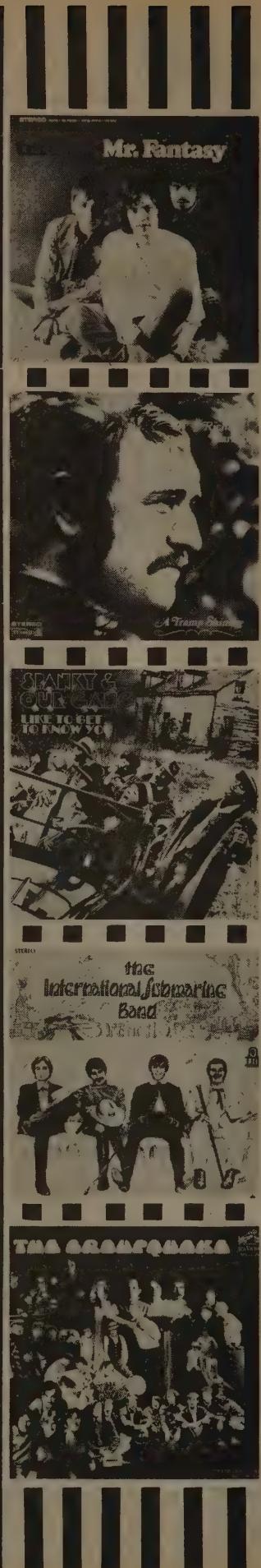
MR. FANTASY by Traffic is the most unique, exciting, fantastic album to appear since "Sgt. Pepper." Stevie Winwood, Chris Wood, and Jim Capaldi have put together twelve magnificent songs and there's not a single cop-out in the lot. You'll have great difficulty coming up with a favorite. The rare entrance of albums such as these proves there are too few groups working in the rock idiom that are really worthwhile. Traffic, besides being well worth your while, is an important step in the progression of rock. This album has strong roots in the past and heavy doses of present influences. There are incredible juxtaposed rhythms and time changes, beautiful melodies, tasteful electronic effects, strong lyrics - the beat songs swing and the ballads are lovely. The sound is excellent. Mr Fantasy is a masterpiece. Run out and get it immediately. (United Artists UAS 6651).

A TRAMP SHINING shows where the multitude of mere pretty voiced ballad singers fail. The tramp, of course, is Richard Harris, a mad Irishman with a giant soul. Guaranteed he'll make most of your favorite ballad singers look pale. Harris' voice is sanguine with spirit and body and he's soulful without imitating Ray Charles. He interprets Jim Webb's lyrics with passionate intimacy. Tom Jones is probably the only other singer who could come close. Harris' magnificent hit "McArthur Park" is included, as well as "Didn't We," which has to be one of the greatest love songs. All the songs were written, arranged and produced by Jim Webb. If you don't particularly like ballad singers, this album will change your mind. (Dunhill DS-50032)

LIKE TO GET TO KNOW YOU by Spanky and Our Gang is chock full of solid entertainment. Ragtime songs with 4 Freshman harmony. A big production treatment of "Stardust." Jazzy folk things. Spanky's tender vocal on "Prescription For The Blues" with a dixieland band. A tongue in cheek ditty about getting a bill in the mail. "Sunday Morning" is included and, of course, the title song. There's lots of variety. A good album to pass the time. (Mercury SR 61161)

THE INTERNATIONAL SUBMARINE BAND is interesting for only one reason - the band is honestly dealing with country western music. No gimmicks, no sound effects. Although the Buckaroos are much more exciting, the Submarine Band is at least exploring an area that most groups wouldn't touch with a ten foot pole. They get into country standards like "Miller's Cave," "Folsom Prison Blues" and several originals by leader Gram Parsons. Gram is now with the Byrds helping them in their country western excursion. Get the album just to support the Submarine Band's bravery. (LHI-S-12001)

THE GROUPQUAKE is RCA's answer to Columbia's Rock Machine and MGM's Boss Town Sound. Take a bunch of groups, put 'em in a shotgun and one of 'ems bound to hit. "The Loading Zone" (LSP-3959) is interesting in an Electric Flag sort of way. "Stone Country" (LSP-3958) is interesting if you like psychedelic country western. The best of the several albums is "Earth Music" (LSP-3865) by the Youngbloods, an older LP that's worthy of more than a shotgun sales technique. The rest are "In The Morning," by Status Cymbal (LSP-3993), "Auto Salvage" (LSP-3940), "Joyful Noise" (LSP-3963), "People Get Ready For Group Therapy" (LSP-3976), and "Miss Butters" by the Family Tree (LSP-3955). They're all on RCA Victor.





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grateful dead
(L-34)



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(L-30)



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(L-33)



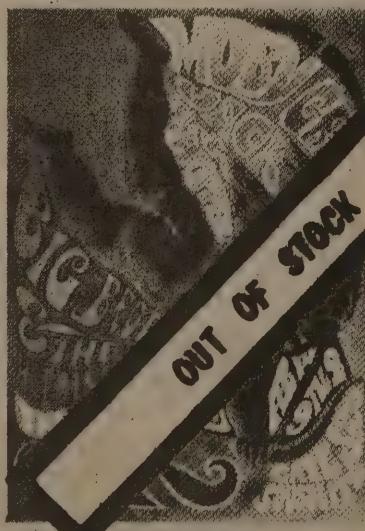
side track
(L-40)



mose allison
(L-37)



miriam makeba
(L-36)



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new stars on the horizon



THE SOFT MACHINE

The Soft Machine became the new musical tide pullers in the South of France where they were cross fertilized by the illumination of the Sensual Laboratory of Mark Boyle. Integrating sight and sound, they opened a fantastic discotheque in St. Agulby, St. Tropez. The club designed by Keith Albarn, was especially created around the music and the light show. When the building was completed, it looked like a vision from space, iglooed with four wings rising at the center in a concentric stack, with four shoulders jutting out at the base. Inside the building, at the center was a stage, seven feet off the ground where the Soft Machine played and the light show was given. The

skin of the building was only an inch thick, so the sound coruscated off the exterior, carrying across the bay to the neighboring inlets, causing concern to the bourgeois campers. It was a total experience. Of course, the inevitable happened. Crowds came in the daytime to hear rehearsals and in the night time to leap out of their encapsulated selves, dancing to exhaustion, then running to the water some twenty yards away immersing themselves sauna style; then creeping from the water's edge into the darkness of the moon.

The Soft Machine speaks for itself:

"Allen Zion, film maker, and Jean

Jaques Lebel, Pope of Happenings, who were opening Theatre Libre in St. Tropez heard us and flipped. We were hired to inaugurate the opening. They had planned a film show and happening as the second part of their evening; the first part, a play by Picasso, "Desire Caught By The Tail," featured Renato Renior, strip queen of the Crazy Horse saloon in Paris. She dug us and with the ensemble said put the Soft Machine on in the first part to loosen up the audience, then drop the play in and let the depth charges happen. We did.

"We play hour long sets developing a concert style. The compositions were spaced with improvisations from drum and organ punctuated with songs. The organic rhythms began to flow. The light show diverted the eye from the intellect to the bodily functions and soon, like the pied piper, the audience was dancing on the stage, changing their normal styles to free form and movement. We had arrived at new departures, the Soft Machine, architect of space time.

"Kevin Ayers developed new songs, Robert Wyatt became a drum master and counterpoint to Kevin while Michael Ratledge's organ settled compositions on the improvisations flying like a bird liberated from space. We were creating bridges between musical idioms. Mike Zwerin, critic of the Village Voice, wrote a stunning article, Earle Brown, modern American composer said, "This is the type of music I'm trying for also." Yvette Romi wrote an article in the Nouvelle Observateur, Paris, hailing us as the Futuristic Beatles. Invitations came rolling in, Cafe des Arts, St. Tropez and Eddie Barclay's soiree to name but three. We closed the season with invitations from the European capitals. The North awaited.

"At the Edinburgh Festival we added a dance troupe from Paris to give an experimental performance entitled "Lullaby For Catatonics." The evening was a critical success. We then accepted Amsterdam TV, where the light show caused an artistic sensation, while the music changed the idea of what's happening on the pop scene in Great Britain. We opened a fantastic club named "The Birds" where the revolution set in; and are negotiating a film. Paris, with its scorpion string teased us onto TV camera 3 and Dim, Dam, Dum. From there we went to the Biennal where again we joined the dancers in a fantastic whirlwind. This time the word from the South of France caught up with us. There were calls at the rate of 110 an hour to see the show. Both nights were sold out and the calls were still coming in for a big concert."

Keep your eyes and ears on the Soft Machine. Let it happen and watch it soar □ crandom bentley

WE READ YOUR MAIL

(continued from page 8)

two very good LPs in the U.K., he has not had the success he deserves.

John Mayall, for those that are interested, is better than ever, having replaced Peter Green with the very talented Mick Taylor, and Aynsley Dunbar with the equally talented Keef Hartley. He has also added a couple of saxophones to the group giving it an even better sound than it used to have. Also, in the U.K., there have been no less than seven Mayall LPs issued, however, some of them are on obscure labels and are probably not available in the U.S.

In closing I will also plug a few of my favorite groups, as is the practice in letters to the editor, groups such as: The Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Canned Heat, John Mayall & The Blues-breakers, Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac, Cream, Jimi Hendrix Experience, Blue Cheer, Captain Beefheart and His Magic Band, the Grateful Dead, Them, Mothers, and the Electric Flag. I hope that you will feature more articles on some, if not all of these groups in future issues of HP. Thank you for reading and printing this letter.

Roger W. Endman

Dear Editor:

Everyone else seems to have psychoanalyzed the Monkees and Beatles, so we got our heads together and came up with our own diagnosis. We left a lot out to make it short but it's still a "book." Hope you have time to read it. Anyway here goes:

In the beginning the Monkee producers admitted they were planning a TV show fashioned after a rock group similar to the Beatles. This was good news to those of us who liked the Beatles and enjoyed "Hard Day's Night" and "Help." The four chosen for the Monkee parts were happy too because they also liked the Beatles' humor, and starring on their own TV show was the opportunity of a lifetime. The program went on the air, and although the Monkees weren't as captivating as the Beatles, the show was funny and we watched it regularly. The ratings went up, the show was a hit, and everyone seemed satisfied.

The Monkees were riding high. Their faces were (and still are) plastered throughout almost every teen mag in the country. No other performers, including the Beatles, ever had such a tremendous publicity campaign. If you have enough talent, you don't need it. The Monkees didn't have much talent but they did have a lot of money backing them.

The propaganda poured in and succeeded in brainwashing the teenyboppers into believing the Monkees were the greatest

thing that ever happened. The trouble is, the Monkees started believing it too, and this is what ruined their image and their TV show. For now articles were sprouting up all over, like the one in the Post, where the Monkees claimed they were better actors and funnier than the Beatles. This egotism permeated their acting attempts. They became so affected that every time they thought they did something funny (which was all the time) they'd look into the camera - with one eyebrow raised, yet. This along with their studied "cuteness" became harder and harder to digest. In fact, it got on our nerves to the point that many stopped watching the show and the ratings started to drop.

Now others (besides the Monkees themselves) were comparing the Monkees to the Beatles, and the Monkees didn't like it. They said their show was entirely different, but they kept on sneaking in scenes taken right from the Beatle movies, and they always came out a poor second. For an example: there's the scene where David Jones talks and fights with a stuffed animal as Ringo did in one of the Beatle movies. Ringo was hilarious but David's version fell flat. He was too affected and didn't have the naturalness that made Ringo's performance so great. The thing is, if the Monkees didn't want to be compared with the Beatles they (a) shouldn't have inferred they were better than them and (b) shouldn't have copied their material, which only magnified the Monkee shortcomings.

But the Beatle-Monkee comparison is not what killed the Monkee TV show. Some who didn't see the Beatle movies stopped tuning in because of the mediocre performances. The show was finally cancelled but not before Mike Nesmith (with typical Monkee "humility") claimed, "Our show will some day be called a classic." On the other hand, when the critics called "Hard Day's Night" a classic and later praised "Help," the Beatles kept their feet on the ground. They said, "We're not actors. We'll try to do better next time." The Beatles also have the courage to accept defeat without falling apart. When their "Magical Mystery Tour" TV show flopped in England recently, Paul admitted it, saying, "Maybe we boozed this time but we learned a lot and we'll try again." That took guts.

Now about another credibility gap - the Monkee recordings. If they would have billed themselves as a singing group and given credit to the musicians who backed them, they probably would have sold just as many records, but they didn't want to lose their TV image, so they decided to employ a little deception and so took full credit. When synchronizing to their records on TV, they put on masks of frowning concentration, but this doesn't fool all their viewers, es-

specially the ones who play guitar or drums.

The Monkees had an all-girl rock group on their show recently who handled their instruments better than they do. They may get away with their amateur playing at concerts because they count on the screams to drown them out but it was plain that they couldn't have possibly done the playing on their recordings, especially Mike Nesmith, Micky Dolenz and David Jones. When the news finally leaked out that a combo was doing TV shows, they were interviewed (an obvious setup) and asked if it was true that they didn't play. Mike Nesmith (very put out by it all) said, "Oh no, not that rumor again. Of course, we play our own instruments." But too many knew otherwise and the pressure was kept up until they were finally forced to admit it. They did this in typical Monkee fashion, by blaming their managers and making excuses that they didn't have time to learn the numbers. It's plain that they would have continued the fraud if they could have gotten away with it. They say they really played on their last LP along with some others who backed them up. It's probably true because you can hear some crude parts that the real musicians didn't quite drown out. What they lack in musicianship, they also lack in scruples.

In direct contrast with this, when the Beatles were praised about their music, they laughed it off, saying, "We're not musicians." Maybe they can't read music but they have written over a hundred good songs and won countless Grammy and other awards. As for their actual playing, Paul McCartney is one of the best bass players in the business. He dreams up some of the most beautiful bass patterns heard today. George Harrison's lead is unbelievably great. He creates chords that were never invented before and much of his music is very difficult for anyone else to play. John Lennon's rhythm is good, and he and Paul come up with some beautiful sounds with the organ, piano, harpsichord, kazoo, and who knows what else. They'll try anything to get the sounds they're after. Ringo is a good drummer and what he lacks in musical creativity he makes up for with his singing and acting ability. They all have good rock singing voices. They also are loaded with soul.

On the other hand, the Monkees singing voices leave something to be desired. David Jones and Micky Dolenz made records that didn't sell in the U.S. until after they became TV stars. Monkee records never sold in England either until their TV series was shown there, which proves the Monkees are a fab-

ricated group made extremely popular with the help of a weekly TV show, massive fan magazine publicity, and exaggerated praise by many disk jockeys. Else they wouldn't have made it, for they have no soul.

In spite of the known fact that the Monkees are frauds with limited talents of their own, there is seldom anything printed against them, but let the Beatles give an honest opinion about something and there are big black headlines. Which shows we're living in a world where corruption is condoned and even glorified, while honesty is treated with ridicule and contempt. We're not complaining about the Beatle headlines, though, because the Beatles are always fun and interesting to read about. A lot of the things they say are things we feel the same way about. It just doesn't get heard until a Beatle says it. We know, too, that they make mistakes (like the drug bit) but they admit their mistakes and are trying to become better human beings. They're off drugs now and, in fact, condemn them and are trying to find the answers through meditation. There are those know-it-alls who belittle this, too, but at least the Beatles are trying, and for this, plus their talent, humility and honesty, they have our undying love and respect.

Frank Edwards and the Gang
Cleveland, Ohio

PS: If you print this, you'll also have our undying love and respect.

Dear Editor:

I realize your publication isn't making it on fashion but I can think of no better way to reach the class of people I dig working with, musicians. I've been designing and constructing clothing for nearly a year. I was satisfied working with local bands doing pants, tunics, jackets, etc.

Maybe it's me or perhaps it's their taste that's gone dingy but I want to work and use the wild imagination I found one day, before I lose the good thing. Thank you for your time. If you print this letter you may help me more than you'll ever know.

Lois Fricke
906 Rose Court
Traverse City, Mich.



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JULY, 1967

Jeff Beck, Hollies,
Temptations, Cream,
Easy Beats, Monkees,
Spoonful, Joe Tex,
Love, Zappa

Stones "Buttons" songs
"The Happening"
"Groovin'"
"Somebody To Love"
"Friday On My Mind"
"My Back Pages"



AUGUST, 1967

Jagger On "Buttons"
Turtles, Who,
Donovan, Monkees,
Paul Simon, Paul Revere

"Six O'Clock"
"Him Or Me"
"Creeque Alley"
"I Got Rhythm"
"Mirage"
"Ain't No Mountain"



SEPTEMBER, 1967

Bee Gees, The Doors
Moby Grape, Who,
Stax Story, Cream,
Peter Tork, Yardbirds

3 "Headquarters" songs
5 "Moby Grape" songs
"C'mon Marianne"
"Tracks Of My Tears"
"Light My Fire"
"Windy"



OCTOBER, 1967

Monkees, 4 Seasons,
Turtles, Kinks,
Beatle Interview,
Who, Scott McKenzie,
Stax Story, Airplane

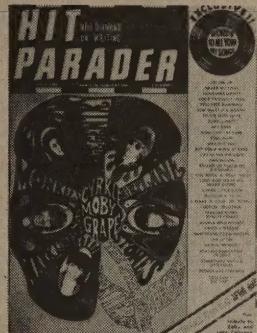
"Pleasant Valley Sunday"
"All You Need Is Love"
"Baby I Love You"
"Fakin' It"
"A Girl Like You"
"White Rabbit"



NOVEMBER, 1967

Recording With Monkees,
Spoonful, Herman,
Rascals, Supremes,
Janis Ian, Booker T.,
Jefferson Airplane

Beatles "Sgt. Pepper"
Monkees "Headquarters"
Stones "Flowers"
"Reflections"
"Heroes And Villains"
"Apples, Peaches,
Pumpkin Pie"



DECEMBER, 1967

Roy Orbison's Rock
History, Neil Diamond,
Cyndie, Mark Lindsay,
Paul Butterfield, Stones,
Airplane, Bee Gees,
Bobbie Gentry

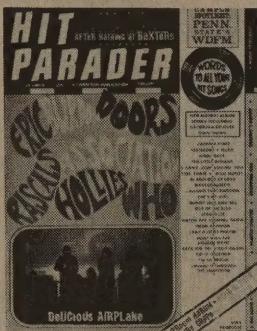
"Never My Love"
"To Sir With Love"
"How Can I Be Sure"
"Soul Man"
"Dandelion"
"The Letter"



JANUARY, 1968

Paul McCartney
Rolling Stones
Jimi Hendrix
Spencer Davis
Traffic • Airplane
Moby Grape
Roy Orbison

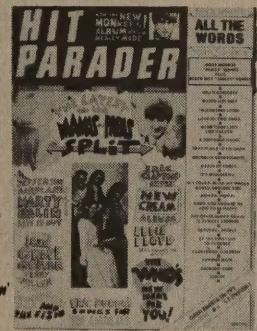
"She Is Still A Mystery"
"Love Is Only Sleeping"
"Incense & Peppermints"
"A Natural Woman"
"The Rain, The Park"
"Keep The Ball Rollin'"
"King Midas In Reverse"



FEBRUARY, 1968

Airplane At Baxter's
Eric Burdon
The Doors • The Who
The Association
Procol Harum
Rascals • Moby Grape
Herc Alpert

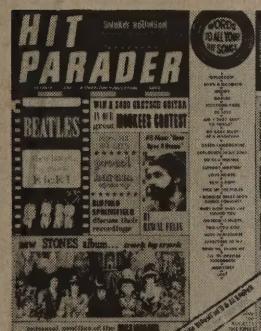
Monkees "Pisces" Album
"I Heard It Through The
Grapevine"
"I Second That Emotion"
"Watch The Flowers Grow"
"Skinny Legs & All"
"In And Out Of Love"



MARCH, 1968

Mama's & Papa's
Eric Clapton
Gladys Knight & Pips
Young Rascals
Country Joe & Fish
Who • Airplane
Monkee Album

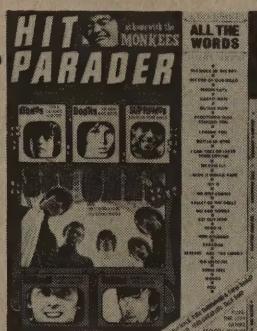
Beach Boys "Smiley" Songs
"Hello Goodbye"
"Watch Her Ride"
"Love Me Two Times"
"Wear Your Love Like
Heaven"
"Chain Of Fools"



APRIL, 1968

Smokey Robinson Interview
Beatles' Movie
Buffalo Springfield
Bee Gees
Stones' Album
Rascals' Album
Tim Buckley

"She's A Rainbow"
"Money" • "Tomorrow"
"Green Tambourine"
"We're A Winner"
"Judy In Disguise"
"Bend Me, Shape Me"
"Sunday Morning"



MAY, 1968

The Supremes
Bee Gees
Lonnie Mack
Pete Townshend
The Doors
Satanic Stones
Monkees At Home

"Dock Of The Bay"
"End Of Our Road"
"I Thank You"
"Valley Of The Dolls"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"We Can Fly"
"Carpet Man"



JUNE, 1968

Bob Dylan
Otis Redding
Young Rascals
Martha & The Vandellas
The Mothers
Rufus Thomas
Rolling Stones

"Valerie" • "Tapioca Tundra"
"Jennifer Juniper"
"Walk Away Renee"
"Unknown Soldier"
"Scarborough Fair"
"If You Can Want"
"Since You've Been Gone"

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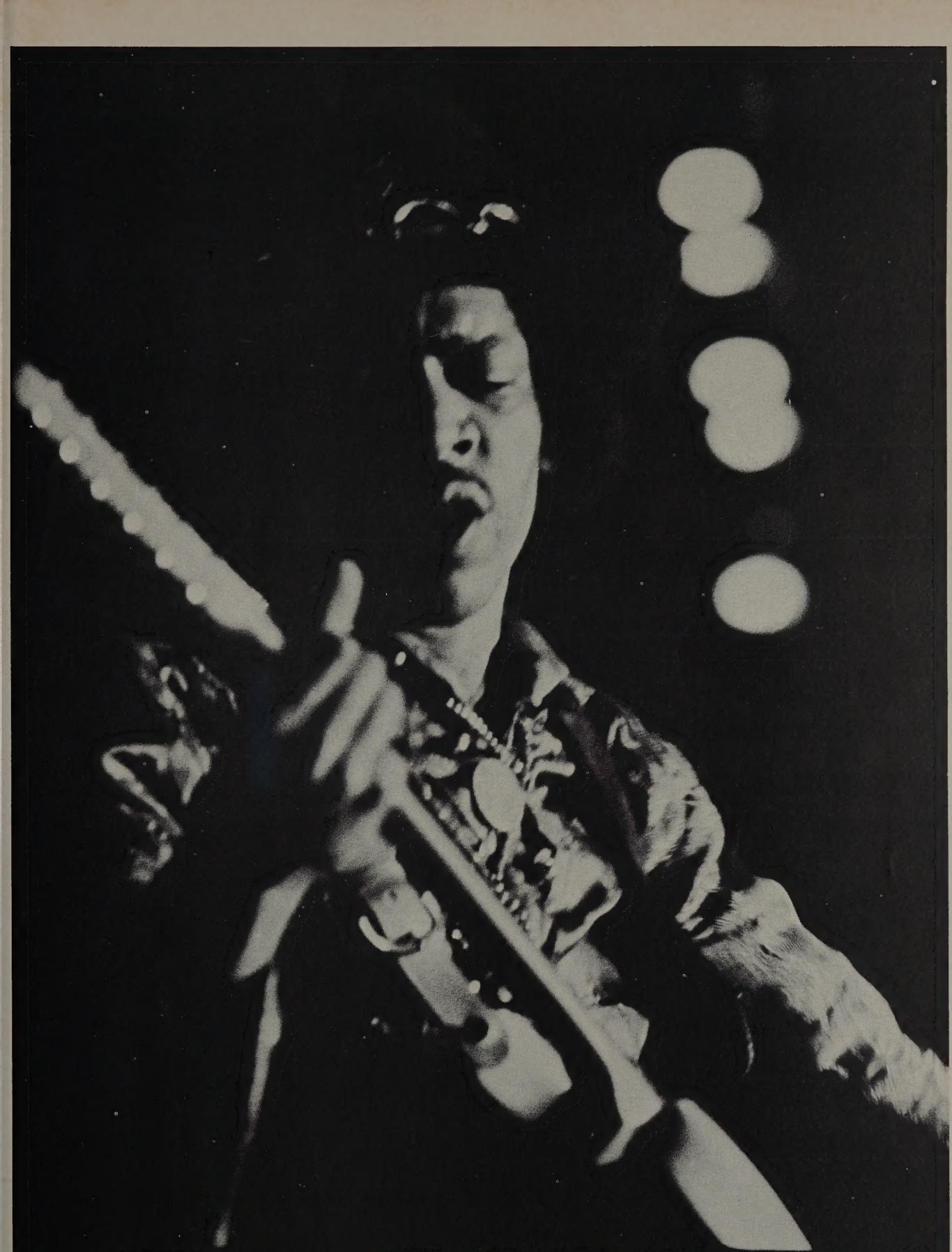
ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

(No C.O.D., please)



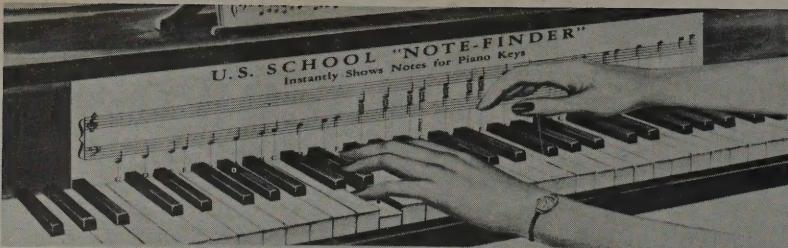
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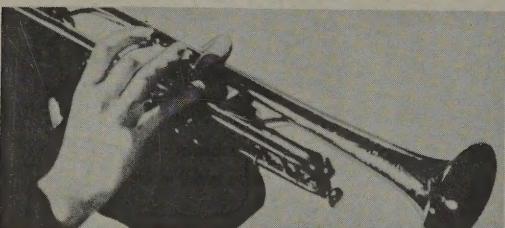
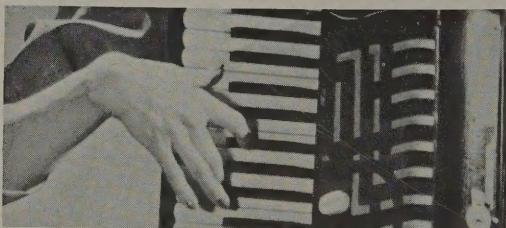
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<input type="checkbox"/> Guitar	<input type="checkbox"/> Violin	<input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet
<input type="checkbox"/> Accordion	<input type="checkbox"/> Tenor Banjo	<input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele
<input type="checkbox"/> Organ	<input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin	<input type="checkbox"/> Trombone
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